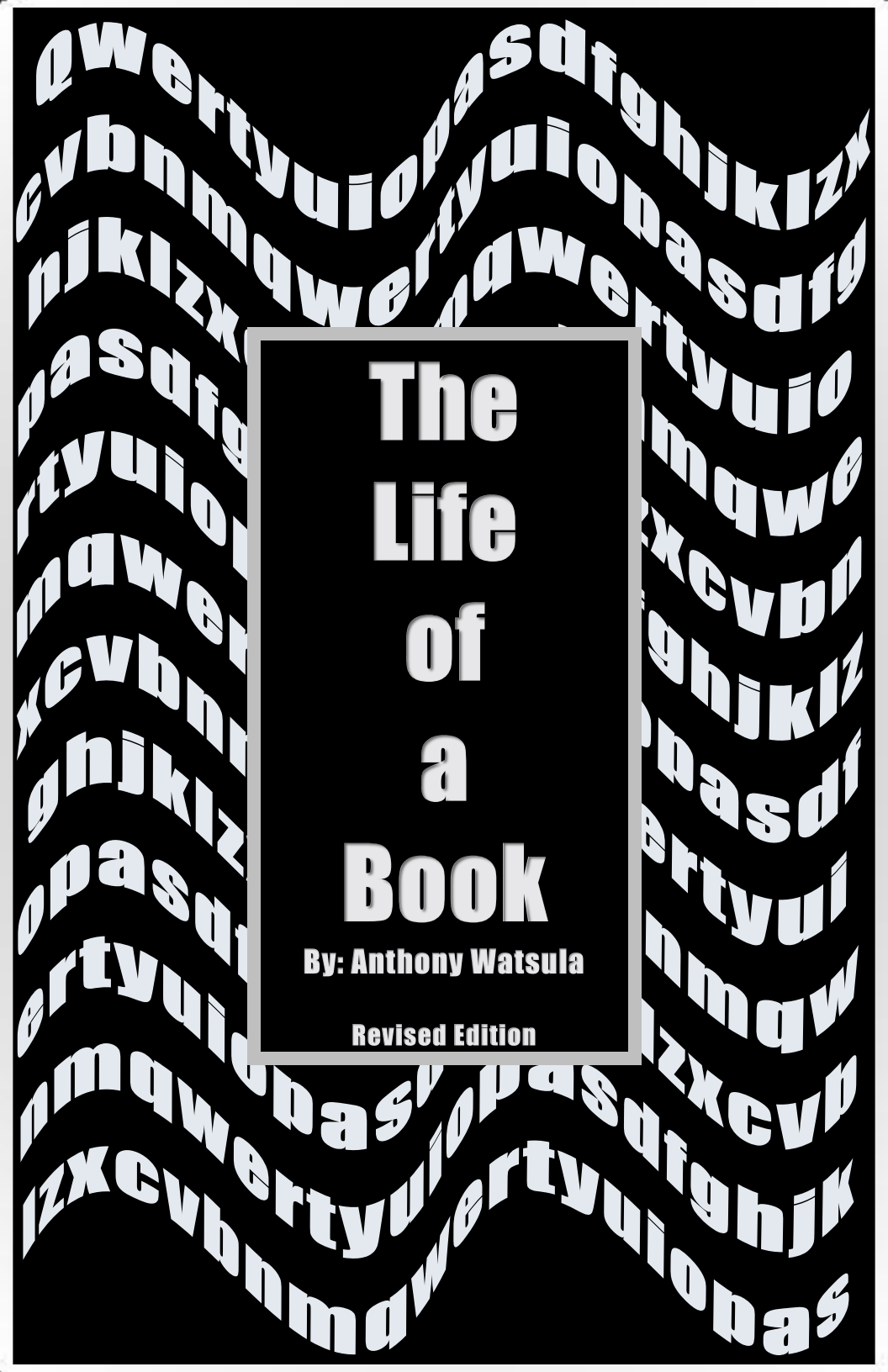
The
Life
of
a
Book
By: Anthony Watsula
Revised Edition

For all my family,

who supported me all throughout my life,

and for those who did not.

The Life of a Book

On October 2, 2003 I had a spiritual awakening or should I say, “The day I got possessed?” I took a breath through my nostrils and something went inside. Who or what I do not know. That’s when I ran in my mother’s room and yelled, “MOM!!!!!!!!, I am going to write a book.” I had word document, but something inside me whispered, “Write it by hand.” I had a copy machine, but something inside me whispered, “Do not make a copy.”

Six days I was transfixed and could not be saved. I was a slave to the pen.

(Am I a genious are am I crazy?) That shall be the name of my book that’s going to save the world. I spelled genius with an O and are instead of or. When I completed the book, I turned it over to Channel 3 in Phoenix, Arizona. I called them three days later and I asked them, “Where is my book?” They replied back and said, “We don’t have your book, but if we find it, we will let you know.” Then click, they hung up. How are they going to call me back? They didn’t take my name or phone number. That’s when I sat on the floor and started to cry. Where is my book today? I do not know. Was it real or was it just my imagination? I’ll let you decide. In the tale of… (The Life of a Book)

The Life of a Book

By: Anthony Watsula

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Chapter 1

Having Knowledge

“MOM!!!!!!!!, I am going to write a book.” I yelled with enthusiasm. She replied back with doubt and told me, “You have to have knowledge to write a book.” Now, at that time I didn’t care what she said or why she said them cruel words. I was going to write a book and save the world. As I was telling her, she handed me a brand new notebook that had a picture of the world on it. As she was handing over the book, she said those lovely words of wisdom. Plus, it was weird that she was standing right beside the bookshelf, when she said it. It was her words and handing me the freshly new notebook at the same time. Plus, the

notebook had a picture of the world on it. What a twisted coincidence.

Now, let's rewind the story about twelve whole seconds. It was October 2, 2003. I was working on my truck. My starter went out on my 1977 Chevy Blazer. My best friend's brother in-law was helping me. I went in to get the keys to my truck. I grabbed them off the dresser and turned around to leave, that's when it hit me. I took a breath through my nostrils and something went inside. At that moment I started to feel every emotion at the same time. I felt anxious, scared, and sad. Then a split second later, I felt happy and yelled the word LIFE. That's when I ran in my mother's room and yelled. "MOM!!!!!!!, I am going to write a book."

"Do I need knowledge to write a book?" The answer to this question is, yes, I do need knowledge to write a book, but what is the definition of knowledge? -It is to know.

So what do I know? I know LIFE. That's what I'm going to write about. I was twenty-nine years old when I wrote about my life and wanted to save the world.

My mother is book smart and she is a speed reader. She can read a four-hundred-page book in about three hours. She leaves out the small words and processes the big words in her mind.

I have to sound out the big words. My spelling is awful. My grammar needs help and what is punctuation? I do not have a big vocabulary. Maybe that's what she meant when she told me, "You have to have knowledge to write a book."

Growing up I failed reading and writing. I had to take a reading test when I was a sophomore in high school. I failed the test. The teacher told me I would have to take a reading class for one of my electives. I didn't want to take a reading class for one of my electives, so I took the test over again,

and passed it. I failed, because it was hard to focus.

I have what the doctors' call Attention Disorder, as well as Hyperactive Disorder or A.D.H.D. My mother would call out my name a hundred times. When she said my real name I said, "What?" My name is Anthony, but everyone called me Tony. She would say, "Tony, Tony, Tony." Then she would get mad and say, "ANTHONY." I listened then. Maybe I didn't listen, because Tony's not my real name.

My hyperactive disorder was pretty bad. I was like the Energizer Bunny. I kept going and going. I took medication sometimes and my mother made me drink lots of coffee. It seemed to slow me down a little. Having A.D.H.D. was why reading and writing was hard for me. She bought us Hooked on Phonics when we were kids. I didn't have any patience to use it. My mother would have told you that I have read a lot of cereal boxes and milk cartons. I read the back of them for some reason.

Back then I didn't know why. Now, I know the reason why. It will all make sense later on.

Schooling was hell for me. I failed second grade, because I was pinching and poking the girls. It wasn't my fault though. My mother did this thing called, (The Crab) Where she pinched and poked me. I just took it to school with me. So it's her fault I failed. Not really though, it was due to my illness.

I failed fifth grade, because I had an accident. I started taking a new medication. It made me have a seizure. I split my head open pretty bad. My mother took me to the hospital.

I was out for the rest of the year. The school gave me homework, but I didn't do it, so I took fifth grade over again.

I finished tenth grade, then I dropped out of school. I started working at McDonald's. I guess money was more important than my

education. I had it backwards. I should have got my education, then money.

I got my G.E.D. after my lovely daughter was born. I did it for myself and I did it for my baby. I didn't want her growing up, and see her dad not having a basic education. I failed my essay. The topic was; name one person you would spend the day with and why. I chose my daughter. I didn't think my baby's mother was going to be mentioned. I had just broken up with her after a year my daughter was born, so I wrote about both of them. I failed the essay. I passed everything else without studying. I had to go down and retake the essay. This time it was; name three reasons why television is useful. Someone told me to write an essay like an outline. Good thing I remembered how to do an outline. I wrote that television was useful for three reasons, education, entertainment and careers. I got my G.E.D. when I was like twenty-three. I had my basic knowledge. I knew more about life though. So that's what I wrote about.

Chapter2

The Book

"Am I a genious are am I crazy?" That was the name of my book. I spelled genius with an O and are instead of or. Remember my spelling, punctuation and grammar problems? I guess my dear mother was right. I say it's the story, not the spelling, punctuation OR grammar. The book was about my LIFE. After I told my mother, I ran in the back room with my new notebook. I had word document on my computer, but something inside me whispered, "Write it by hand." So I picked up the pen and started writing.

I totally forgot about my truck. My friend's brother in-law had fixed it. He came in and got the keys. It had started with no problem. He came back in and dropped the keys off, and then he took off on his bike.

I started with the title of the book, and then I noticed the first error. The O in genius, I didn't know about the are instead of or. I marked an X on the O and then I opened my notebook to the first page. On the back of the front cover I wrote. 'The animals are doing their job.' Then I asked a couple of questions. I asked, "Is life an element? Are we a part of?" then I wrote a man + man = 0 life, and then I wrote a woman + woman = 0 life, then I wrote a man + woman = life.

Now, I'm not racist or bias, nor a bigot. I don't care who you are or what you are, but that's what I wrote. Underneath that I wrote (LIFE, LIVE IT, LOVE IT, LEAVE ME ALONE) then I started chapter 1.

I have been through a lot growing up. A lot of bad stuff had happened, as well as the good, which was the 3rd chapter I never wrote. The bad stuff made me so angry, that was the 2nd chapter I never wrote. I was an angry child growing up. I hated everything and everybody.

The first chapter was called, (Bad) I started to write the bad stuff that happened to me in life. Not all of it, just some of the events. I saw a dead body, when I was about five years old. My dad shot at my mother with a gun, when I was about four years old. I pulled my dad out of a ditch when he was drunk one night, when I was about eight years old. I was in a role-over accident when I was in my sophomore year of high school. Drugs and alcohol ran in my family. I was in another accident, when I was older, my niece's dad Larry and I were out four wheeling. I tried to go up the mountain and I stalled out. I managed to turn around, and then my brakes went out on me. I pulled the emergency brake, which went out also. I

was flying downhill with no brakes. I saw a Palo Verde tree, and I went for it. I crashed into the tree. It stopped me for about two seconds, until the tree rolled over my hood, and then I was down hilling again, I ended up in a ravine on three wheels. I was cursing all the way down. I had two kids with me, they were about thirteen. We all looked at each other with terror on our faces. They were screaming all the way down also. As soon as the truck stopped, I told the kids to get out, because the truck might have caught on fire.

Larry came back down the mountain. When he got out of his truck, he started laughing at me. I managed to sputter out, "We almost died." My daughter came out of his truck crying. The first thing I did was hold her in my arms. I started crying too. It was scary.

I was just happy my daughter was with Larry the whole time we were out four-wheeling. I told her to go with Larry, because he had a Ford Bronco with a 5.0

engine and he had better tires, plus he has plenty of years four-wheeling.

I didn't know how to get my truck out of the ravine. We didn't have a tow rope and it was in a position he couldn't reach. So I made sure it was in four-wheel drive. I managed to get it started. I slammed the gas pedal down and I started up backwards. While I was backing out, my truck slid to the side hitting another tree, caving in my passenger side door. I didn't care about my truck anymore. I got the truck out of the ravine and onto the road. My grill was smashed, my hood bent upward, my passenger side door was caved in and transmission fluid was spitting on the exhaust. Smoke was everywhere. I had to get under the truck and fix the transmission line. I cut off a piece of hose and I slid the hose on the line and clamped it. I haven't gone out four-wheeling since.

I'll go into some detail about my stories or should I say my life? When I saw the dead body I was at the Arizona State

Hospital's morgue. My stepfather worked for the Hospital. He was a security guard and had to ID a body. We went in the morgue and I saw an old lady. She was pale white with bailing wire tied around her ankles and wrists. *I just wondered if she was going to heaven*. What a sight to see when you're just a kid. I guess I had to learn about death somehow.

The next story I want to discuss is the shooting. My father had a replica of a 44 ball-in cap. My older sister and brother were in the car. My dad had a Ford Mustang. It was green with speckled flakes. My brother and I were in the back seat. My mother and dad were fighting, as usual. My mother said something, which pissed my dad off. He pulled out the gun, which was hidden under his dashboard and stuck it out the window. BANG. I heard the shot. It was so loud; it had rattled the pin out of my toy tractor. The gun had misfired. The gun went off, but no bullet. Later on in life he told me that he had pointed it straight at her. After the shot I saw

my mom still standing there, as my dad drove off.

Pulling my dad out of the ditch when I was only eight years old was pretty hard to do. We lived behind a bar on 24th street and Fillmore in Phoenix, Arizona. Sitting in a smoke filled bar and drinking soda until my dad got good and drunk. My dad's famous words were, "Just one more."

We left from the bar one night and my dad had fallen into an irrigation ditch. It wasn't that big. It was probably three-foot-wide and two-foot-deep. He tripped and went in. I heard a big thump. I tried so hard to pull him up. I couldn't at first. I had to yell dad a couple of times. I finally got him out. I brushed him off and helped him home.

The accident when I was a sophomore in high school was really scary. It was the weekend. I was supposed to be at my father's house; instead I went with my sister Michelle. It was my sister, her boyfriend and my sister's two friends. My sister's

boyfriend was driving. We were at a pool hall called the 8ball. Everyone was drinking and on drugs, except for me. I was the only one sober that night.

We were headed home. It was about three in the morning. We turned on 7th street and were headed south. The last thing I saw was a cop car going the other direction. After that I must have fallen asleep or did something put me to sleep? I don't remember the accident. I guess witnesses said the truck flipped about five times.

My sister's boyfriend had an International Scout. It had a lift kit on it and the top was off of it. So we all got thrown out of the truck.

When we were lying in the street, a Good Samaritan came running up and checked to see if we were still breathing, he gave my sister C.P.R. then witnesses said he took off running. God bless that guy.

I woke up in the emergency room. I thought I got in an accident with my mother.

I had gas in my eyes, I couldn't see, I couldn't move my right arm or left leg and I was cold. I managed to tell the doctor my mom's phone number. After that I passed out. The next time I woke up, I was in I.C.U... I had dislocated my left knee and tore a ligament. I had broken both bones in my right arm. I looked around the room and I saw the restroom. So I got out of bed, not knowing the I.V. was stuck in my arm. I started walking to the restroom. I didn't get very far, because the I.V. yanked me back. It had ripped out of my arm and blood squirted everywhere. I almost fell, because of my knee. One of the nurses walked by and saw me. She told me to get back in bed. I passed out again. When I woke up again, I was in another room. I had a cast on my arm and a brace on my leg.

Michelle was in a coma for about two weeks, her neck got sliced from ear to ear. The doctor told her any deeper and it would've cut her juggler vein. We all had parts of the asphalt and glass in our skin.

My sister's boyfriend the driver had to get his face reconstructed. His head blew up like a basketball. He had to get pins put in his head. He got it the worst. Witnesses said he went straight up in the air about twenty-feet and landed back down on his head.

My sister's friends were okay. One of the girls broke their arm. They were out of the hospital the same day.

One day I wanted to see my sister in I.C.U. So I got in a wheel chair. I wheeled all the way down to the elevator, when I got in; a lady asked me if I needed any help. I kindly refused her offer. I told myself, "I can do this." Left leg propped in the chair, my right leg pulling me, as I'm steering with my left hand. It was a challenge, but I did it. I got down to I.C.U. and I saw my sister in bed sleeping. I just told myself, "IT WILL GET BETTER," except for scars."

My sister's boyfriend had no insurance, I didn't care. I had my life. My sister had hers. I got out of the hospital within a week.

I went back to the hospital six weeks later to get the cast off my arm. The doctor told me my arm was still broken. They had to put metal plates in my ulna and radius bones. I was in a cast for another six weeks.

As I grew up, my mom was an addict; my stepfather and real dad were alcoholics. My sister the oldest was an addict. She started when she was thirteen and my brother was an addict also. I remember when I was about ten, my sister's boyfriend at the time had a tube of Bazooka bubblegum and I wanted some. They gave me a little. Ten minutes later I was lying on my bed crying for my grandma. The tube of gum was filled with liquid acid. I remember crying and I couldn't stop. The only thing that calmed me down was thinking there was a breastplate of armor on me.

When I was older, I was at my father's house and my brother had some cocaine and he was at the stove. He had put the cocaine in a glass jar, added water, and baking soda, then he started swishing it around the fire.

The glass accidentally hit the stove, shattering the glass jar. I started to laugh. My brother got mad and chased me down and beat my ass.

My mom and I went to my uncle's house a lot. My aunt had a tray underneath the couch filled with marijuana. They used to smoke as I sat at my uncle's slot machine playing.

I remember in sixth grade they had the D.A.R.E program. I guess it meant (Drugs Abuse Resistance Education) A police officer came to our school and talked about drugs. As he was talking, he held up a pipe and said, "Have you ever seen one of these?" I wasn't stupid, I knew drugs were bad, but I didn't say anything, because I knew my mom would have gone to jail.

When I went to my father's house on the weekends, he drank the whole time I was there. When we hung out at the bar, he used to go behind it with his friends and smoke

by the dumpster, as I was kicking rocks around.

So drugs and alcohol were everywhere. I just said in my book. (It's like a family full of instruments lying around the house, you are going to pick one up and play it) And I did…

That was the bad chapter. Maybe that's why I hated life and everyone in it, they say memories don't mold you, I think they do.

The 2nd chapter was called (Anger) well the funny thing was. I had no more. All my anger in life was gone. My hate for everything and everybody was completely gone. The only thing I wrote was; *I have no more*. I guess writing all of the (Bad) made me stop hating everything. It was like a cure. I felt so much better after that. Maybe I had to get it all out.

There was one last thing I wrote. Inside of the back cover were the words, "If you haven't figured it out yet, please reread." I had finished my book. The next thing I did

was put a price tag on my little book. The price of the book was two hundred American dollars. 25% was going to education, 25% was going to Healthcare and 25% was going to charity. I was going to keep 25% of it. I had it all planned. That's how I was going to save the world.

I had to get my book out there. I was thinking a University or a News Station. So I picked Channel 3 News Station. It was on 7th avenue and Missouri, located in Phoenix, Arizona. I drove down there with my little book. I walked into the building and I had the book crossed in my arms. I asked the receptionist, "Can I trust you with my life?" she replied back and said, "Sure." So I handed the only copy to her, and yes I had a copy machine at home, but something inside me whispered, "Do not make a copy." So I just let it go. Three days passed and I called the News Station and asked them, "Where is my book?" They told me, "We don't have your book, but if we find it we will let you know." Then click, they hung

up. How are they going to call me back, they didn't take my name or my phone number?

I started to cry, as I sat there on the floor. By that time my mom thought I was losing my mind. So she called the police and I was taken to a mental health clinic by the Maricopa County Hospital. I think it was a Sunday, because I had to wait all night in a room full of people.

Monday morning, I saw two doctors, they evaluated me, and then I was sent to Desert Vista in Mesa, Arizona. They started me on medication and monitored me for a month. I was diagnosed Bi-Polar, even though I was already A.D.H.D. I guess they didn't look back at my history. I asked the doctor later in life if you can be A.D.H.D and have Bi-Polar symptoms. He said, "Yes." ((Double Whammy)) At the end of the month, I had to go to court; it was in the same building. I was court ordered to take medications for the rest of my life. I got out with medication in hand. I was certifiably crazy. I had papers

to prove it. So I guess that answers the big question, (I’m Crazy.)

Chapter 3

Mania

“If they say I’m crazy, then I must be insane.” Okay, I’ll be honest. I didn’t want to sound crazy in the last chapter, but I went crazy, “They say.” It is called mania; it makes you have manic episodes. I had one.

How do I explain it better? Being Bi-Polar is like being different light bulbs. You have different kind of wattages. See normal minds run at 50watts and when they’re excited, they run about 60watts, when sad, they run about 40watts. Having a manic episode is like a 100watt light bulb. You have so much energy. You start to have symptoms. Some people pace back and

forth, talking to themselves. Some people over-shop. It's different for everybody that has Bi-Polar. It starts different also. Some people have it instantly and some people it takes about three days to a week to go full blown manic. Some people, who go manic, don't even know they're manic. They think nothing's wrong with them. My mom is Bi-Polar also. She knew I was going manic.

In my manic state, I was walking around the house and my mom came up to me. She had a pill in her hand and said, "Take this." I looked at the pill and I smacked it out of her hand and said, "I don't need that." I didn't think anything was wrong with me. This was right after I wrote the stupid book.

The Bi-polar I have, takes me on a roller-coaster ride. I'll go way up, and then I'll go way down, causing me to have depression symptoms.

Bi-polar depression is like a 20watt light bulb. Its worry thoughts, can't sleep or too much sleep, suicidal thoughts. You don't

want to eat and you're sad all the time. I had three deep depressions in life so far. The first time I had a deep depression was right after I went manic the first time. It was about two months after I wrote the book. I was so depressed; I couldn't play Light Bright with my daughter. I went in my mom's room and cried to her and said, "I can't play Light Bright with Amie."

On my medication I am a 40watt light bulb; my energy is in remission, because of medication. Yes, it makes me dopey. Just think if Mozart or Van Gogh took medication, they would have never become famous. Hello modern medicine. So, yes I went crazy and wrote the book, "They say." But I thought it was a spiritual experience. You never know. I thought God was sending me a message.

Hell, I thought I was God for a minute. That's a manic episode for you. "They say."

Okay, let's run through the book again. This time, think crazy. In the beginning it

read, ‘The animals are doing their job.’ The book talked about LIFE. Shit, I even yelled the word LIFE. I said something had entered through my nostrils. I talked about making LIFE, and it asked questions like, “Is life an element? Are we a part of?” or when it read, (LIFE, LIVE IT, LOVE IT, LEAVE ME ALONE)

Now, take the (Bad) story, where I said gas was in my eyes, I couldn’t see was underlined, I was in I.C.U. for three days, I.C.U. was underlined. Then the last thing that was underlined was, IT WILL GET BETTER. That was scratched in the paper.

I didn’t even tell you about the margins yet. You know the pink line that runs down the paper? It’s called the margin. As I was writing my life story, words popped out into those margins. (My head) was written in the margin, as I continued to write, (Having) was written, turn a couple of pages it read, (Waking) then (Whole) then turn another page it read (Sorrow) then (World) then (Making) and the last word that jumped in

the margin was (Better.) If you put them all together it read. (My head, having, waking, whole, sorrow, world, making, better.) Nine words in the margins.

Then you got to remember the last thing I wrote, "If you haven't figured it out yet, please reread." It was a damn puzzle. Once you figured it out, you would know that God exists, but I'm just crazy. I got committed for it. I mean it was crazy, but just let it simmer in your mind for a minute. What made me all of a sudden write a book? I know I am crazy, but come on. Something happened, believe it or not.

The last thing I want to tell you is that the first chapter of my book was Bad right? The second was Anger. The third chapter was going to be the Good. The fourth chapter was going to be the Energy. The fifth chapter was going to be the Nonsense. The sixth chapter was going to be the Ignorance. The seventh chapter was going to be the Unusual. Then the eighth chapter was going to be the Satisfaction, and then my Thoughts

and Opinions were supposed to be in the back of the book. Now put them all together. (BAGENIUSTO)

Let me ask you a question. Who is the richest man or woman in the world? (You are, you are richest at heart.) I wrote that in the book somewhere also.

The book was so amazing. It had so many hidden things in it. I just wished I made copies of it, but I guess you can't fight the voices in your head. Well, at least I didn't. How many questions did I ask? How many pages? How many words were written? I ask myself those questions all the time. I put my birth year, my brothers and my sisters. I am 74, my brother is 71, and my sister is 69. What do those numbers mean? What scale is it? What do they line up with? It drives me insane thinking about it. Maybe I'm delusional. Hey that's the name of the next chapter.

Chapter 4

Delusional Thinking

I'm not a religious man. I went to church growing up, but really didn't believe, until my spiritual awakening or should I say the day I got possessed?

After I finished the book, I felt really weird. Still to this day, nobody believes me. I know I did something so powerful, but where is the book to prove it? I should have made copies of it. I have told this story to a lot of people, but I see crazy in their eyes. Hell, if somebody told me a story like that, I wouldn't believe it either. 2003 to this present moment and still got the book in my

head. I'll never forget it. I tried to write similar books, but no energy.

I wrote a book in 2010 called *A Voice in the Night*, which I wrote by hand as well. I sent it out to a publisher. He told me it needed more meat on the bone. I asked him for it back, he told me, "I can't find it." I might still have the rough draft at my daughter's house, but she told me that the dogs ate a lot of my paperwork. I wrote a poetry book in 2021-2022, called *Emotions*. I used Microsoft Word on that one, so I have multiple copies. Now, I'm writing this book. I must get my words out and tell my story.

Okay, this chapter's called delusional thinking for a reason. Remember when I said there is something inside me. It had entered through my nostrils? Well, I still think it's inside me. I just don't know who. It makes me read books, listen to music, watch movies, and brings people in my life. I don't know. I guess I'll just remain insane and ponder the book.

The big question's answered. I'm crazy. So I guess I could talk crazy and get away with it. So who is inside me? I call it (Question) maybe it's God/dess or the Devil or something far beyond this planet. I talk to Question every day. Question doesn't talk back, but when I'm manic, I'll hear female voices.

Now, what I'm about to tell you might mess with your mind, and it's okay, because remember I'm crazy. I can talk crazy, and get away with it. So are you ready to go down the rabbit hole with me?

The first thing I want to talk to you about is the first book I read. It was called (*Not Quite Human*) I was about eight years old when I read it. It was about a boy who was a robot, it weighed about 500 pounds. The person who created it was a scientist. He had a real daughter; well the robot went to school with the scientist's daughter. Later on, I thought the title was odd, because I'm not quite human either.

My book was crazy right? Nonsense my mom would tell me. “It wasn’t a book.” plus, she said They threw it away. Now, who are They I say. The corrupt American Government or the evil Catholic Church has my book (I think), or God has it and he is not letting it go until the end of days. If the Government or Church has the stupid book, they know if it gets out, it’s going to change the world. They want to be in control. It makes you wonder who runs the world these days.

Well, after I turned in my book to Channel 3. The Government and Church are on me. I know crazy right? They have been listening to my phone calls, and following me ever since. Whatever I do, they’re there.

You know that whistleblower Edward Snowden, the one who told the world that America was tapping in on the internet and phones? Well, they target me, because of the book.

I told you it's a puzzle. When you figure out the book, the first thing you would do is get scared, because you would know that God exists. After you get scared, you will cry. If you been through the pain and struggles in life, you're going to cry like a baby.

Do you remember all the bad stuff you did, and the bad stuff you got away with? Not anymore, Question's got you buddy. Question got me, now Question's after you. Question knows what you have done in life. So the first thing you would do is get scared. Then you would cry all that mess of yours out of your system. That's what happened to me. You'll drink so much water and take so many showers. You will be healed.

How much would you pay for a new life? 200.00 dollars would be sufficient. The book you can read for free, but it would be in your heart to pay it.

Okay, back to the Government and Church. Every time I would talk on the

phone to moms, they would be listening. So I told them one day, when my mom wasn't paying attention. I said, "You got seven days after my mom's death to release the book, if you don't something big is going to happen, and once it starts I can't stop it." That was back in 2017. My mother died September 4, 2019. Now, count seven days. Yup, September 11th -tragedy struck. Covid-19 hit the world. My mother died of respiratory failure. What is Covid-19 doing? Someone or something is pissed off. You think that sounds crazy? Let us go deeper.

My mother was born November 7, 1947. When did the aliens crash? (1947) what's my mother's favorite movie? (E.T.) I swear to God, she bought up all the action figures, when the movie came out. This is going to blow your mind. Google 1974 alien sightings and read what pops up. What year was I born?

One day I ran in my mother's room and said, "Mom, what will happen when all Nations come together in blood?" She said,

“The worlds going to end.” Now, just think about it, when every Nation comes together in blood. Think of a disease. It starts from one person then it spreads. Now go backwards, all Nations to one person. Get it? The blood inside the body, you would be part, Irish, French, Russian, German, Brazilian, Cuban, Jewish, etc. All Nations come together in blood. I think my mother is right, the world’s ending.

Okay, deeper and deeper, down we go. Sir Isaac Newton said the worlds going to end in 2060. Google it if you don’t believe me. I did the math. I will be 86 years old. I will be 86’d from this world in 2060. How old will you be? If you are still alive, it’s going to be awesome.

Okay, I got a picture; I was like thirteen at the time. My niece Candice, Larry’s daughter was sitting on my lap in a photo. I looked at the photo real close when I got older. I zoomed in, and guess what the picture on the wall was. It was a picture of the band called Megadeth, well the album

cover had an old skinny man standing there, and the words under him, and the name of the album, was Countdown to Extinction. It scared the crap out of me, but I knew way before I saw the picture. So 2060 is our last year.

Do you want to go deeper? I don't think you can handle it, but let us continue our journey. Isn't Journey a band? I got one for you. Have you ever heard of the song 867-5309eine by Tommy Tutone? Well take the numbers as coordinates, 86-75, it will place you on an island in Canada called Devon. I wonder if something is written on the wall. Listen to the song you'll see. Let us keep going, tell me if you're too scared and want to turn back.

Have you ever heard of a place in England called Stonehenge? Someone or something dragged heavy stones from a rock quarry and placed them 180 miles away. Well, they formed the rocks in a circle. Some rocks stacked on each other. It is an amazing sight/site. Now, let's imagine. You

know that laser light, which seems to go forever? Let's build a big one. Make it the exact size as Stonehenge, the circumference and the height of it. The light has to be able to receive and transmit data or information. Have it pointing straight up. I just wonder if we will get something in return. A Universal Website maybe, it would connect to a billion planets. Oh, the technology we could learn, science, physics, cures, art, movies and music.. ((Stonehenge a Universal Connection)) but you're just talking crazy Tony. Nonsense she would say.

Okay, you been with me this far, I'm proud of you, now let's keep dropping. Who built the pyramids? What are they for? Why did they build them? The (Question)s go on and on. How about free power for the rest of time. Even after we are gone, so are spirits may fly. Do you pay high electric bills? Is there a solution? Windmills, water, coal, nuclear power, or SOLAR. Now, let's imagine the pyramids bringing us solar power. Our ozone layer blocks most of the

sun's rays, but what about in space? Make exact replicas of the pyramids, same size. Make them light, whatever materials NASA uses. Put solar panels on the sides and back of pyramids and put them in space.

Do you know where the Buddhist temple, the Mayan temple and Temple Mount are? Align points of pyramids at each temple. After the Pyramids are complete, shoot power on the earth. All they got to do is put power panels on everything that needs power, like buildings, houses, cars, buses, and light poles, anything that draws power. Let's get them old power lines down, that look like crosses with dead people hanging on them. We have cell phones; we don't need phone lines. Now, we got power pyramids; we don't need power lines.

Oh, Tony you're talking nonsense. Now, you're talking about dead people on crosses. I love and miss moms, but I'll see her again in HEAVEN. I wonder what heaven's like. I know, I know, down the rabbit hole we go, or should I say IN. What do you want

heaven to be like? The sun shining on white clouds, tall towers that stick out of the clouds, watching angels fly around, chasing each other. Walking softly on top of the clouds, holding hands with your loved ones, and playing with your old pets that passed away. (((BORING))) That's the old heaven. You can still go there, but you're not going to want to. You're going to want the new and improved heaven. Okay, maybe you already saw the new heaven. If you did you are going to say, FUCK YEAH. Have you ever watched a movie called, (READY PLAYER ONE)? If you have, then you would know. Be in the game for real. Would that be awesome? The world of Halo or be in the game Doom, what about a zombie outbreak or race cars? Anything you want. If you haven't seen the movie yet, you must watch it. If you don't like it, there is always the old one. It is peaceful, I know. I have had dreams of it. You have such an imagination Tony, but it's all nonsense. It wasn't a book. "Imagination is far greater than knowledge." I think Einstein said

something like that, but it's all nonsense right?

Do you know that picture of the evolution chart, where there's an ape turning into a man? Well, it's backwards, it's supposed to be a man turning into an ape.

Have you ever heard of the missing link? It's like a Bigfoot, a man all hairy, Well, it's after man, not in-between ape to man. We were all going to turn into apes. The o-zone layer was going to be so thin; we were going to start growing hair to protect us from the sun's rays. Then 7 million years from now, we were going to turn into lizards and we were going to live in the ground or off planet. (Yup, just like the reptilians.) Oh no, do I see a circle of life here? Did humans evolve into the reptilians? Evolution is so amazing. And yes, Darwin was right.

(Question) Did the Anunnaki mess with our Genetic make-up? I just wonder who made them. Who created who? Who created God? The (Question)s go on and on.

Speaking of the almighty God. The days of the week, you got Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. God said, “Let there be light.” and there was light, and the light was good. That’s when he made our SUN day. On Monday day he made our MOON day, then Tuesday, he said, “Let dry land appear.” So there were two things, land and water, so that gives us TWOS day. Wednesday he blew the seeds and animals all over the earth, so that gives us WINDS day. Thursday was the fifth day, he watered all the earth, so we have our THIRST day, then FRY day, God brought the earth closer to the sun and it caused a greenhouse effect. He FRIED the earth, then you know the next day, what did he do? He SAT and rested. So the day of the Sabbath is actually SATURDAY. I know, I’m cuckoo.

Do you want some more of the rabbit hole? I’m telling you it goes deep, deeper than a deep sleep.

What if I told you that we are going backwards through time, and that everything created, was created at the end of time, what would you say? Are we at the end of creation or is this just the beginning? There are a lot of questions in life. Why are we here? What is the answer to life? Who created who? Who created God? How did life start? How vast is the Universe? Are we alone? Is there a God? How was life created? The (Question)s go on and on. What if I told you that I had something to do with everything? I know crazy right. This chapter is called delusional thinking for a reason. Okay, let's begin. Let's (pretend) that Question sees through my eyes. Ever since I was born, Question is seeing through my eyes. Just follow me for a minute.

Creation was born through my eyes, the world, evolution, technology, animals, words, everything that was created. What if I told you that whatever I look at, Question is looking at it too, and then Question goes back or sees it from the past and creates it.

Let's start with the world. Do you know that the earth was a sun at one point in history? Then it started to cool down and it began forming the earth's crust. You can surf the net and find out what happens next.

Remember when I told you that Question puts books, movies, music and people in front of me? Well, one day Question put the first book in front of me. It was the first book I read *Not Quite Human*. Then the next book put in front of me was *The World Around Us*, by Readers Digest, and then after I wrote the book, in the back room was a big *King James Bible*. That popped out like a sore thumb. There are so many books. *The World Atlas*, a big book on roads, books on physics, and my stepfather gave me two world maps; I saw the movie with Stephen Hawkins, The Theory of Everything. He was correct. I saw the series by BBC called Planet Earth; I read books on birds and snakes. I read books on the brain, bones, and flesh and skin; I saw almost every animal through books, TV, or movies. I read a lot of

National Geographic magazines I read lots of books on Religion; I have a copy of the *Quran*, and the *Torah*. So many books I can't even count. Most of them I didn't have to buy. They just showed up or people handed them to me. I even flipped through *2022 World Almanac*. There is one book that would cure the body, it is called, *The Amazing Liver and Gallbladder Flush*. That book will cure cancer and a lot of other diseases, and guess what? The guy who wrote it died of cancer, right after he wrote it. But I know he got assassinated, those government and Big Pharma pricks. So many books came into my life and I still get books tossed to me. Even videos, like Vegucated, loose change, The Great Awakening Documentary, and The Leaf of Faith. You-Tube has a lot of videos. The best thing I watched was Spirit Science, Question learned a lot on that series. Even the freshly new notebook my dear mother handed to me. I'm telling you, something's going on here.

Now, let's talk about the new technology. When I was a kid, I took my toys apart, and didn't put them back together. I saw the components. The circuit boards, the wiring, the little parts that were on the circuit boards. I took radios apart, televisions, computers and every little gadget you can think of. That is why technology has advanced so much since 1974. Question had seen all of it as well. Then Question sends ideas to people. Now, you know where ideas come from.

I told you I would tell you why I read cereal boxes and milk cartons as a kid. I saw the ingredients. We need the food to be the same as the ingredients that was in the 70's. Not all this crap that is in the products now, that goes with all the food. The meat and dairy is bad. The world is run on greed. Someone needs to do something. I see it, and I want to save it. Moms told me, "The world can't be saved." I don't think so. The world can be saved. It may be broken, but it

can be fixed. I'll talk more on the next chapter.

How did the words jump in the margins in my book? We all spoke the same language once, until they built the tower of Babel. The alphabet must have been written before time. That is the only way I can see those words jump in the margins. It's crazy, and that's why this chapter is called delusional thinking. Maybe it is.

While I was writing the book, I did some weird things. I was outside and had a five-foot stick in my hand; I was tapping it on the ground, in rhythm. Well, the dogs in the neighborhood were howling, then I took the same stick and I was on the porch of the trailer we had in the backyard. I was writing in the dirt and silently yelling. I don't remember what I was yelling, but I was yelling, then I looked up and saw a helicopter, a green one with a sliding door on the side, I swear I saw people in it with a dish. At that time, I yelled at the helicopter and said, "Bush did the Twin Towers, you

bastards." It could have been my imagination, but I swear I saw it. I was acting real crazy. "They say."

Then I had AOL internet in my back room, where I wrote the book. I was typing and talking on the net. I was scrolling letters and making sentences. I swear the government was messing with me, asking me questions. Then I got an e-mail that had a picture in it. It was a lady, she had it folded, it just showed her, but I saw an ear of the person next to her. She asked me if I knew her, I said, "No," but in my mind I knew that ear. It was President Bush's ear; I swear to God it was his. The picture later on was Laura Bush. I know right, I'm a lunatic, but that's what I saw.

Have I lost my mind? Absolutely, I'm delusional remember? When I was at Desert Vista, there was a kid there, he told me he read the Bible backwards and told me he was the Pharaoh of Egypt, not until he was 27 or 37, I don't remember, but I believed him.

I went back to the mental health clinic a second time. The medication at the time was making me gain a lot of weight, so the doctor at my clinic changed medications on me; she tried so many different ones. Well the medication caused me to go manic again. So the police came and picked me up again.

While I was in the cop car waiting to go in the clinic, I was staring at the radio. One of the cops came over and looked at me and told the other cop, “He hasn’t blinked in an hour.” I tell you now, I do not blink when I read or watch television. It’s kind of strange. It’s like there is somebody else watching also.

They took me in the clinic. I started blacking out and going a little crazy, “They say.” When I opened my eyes I was on the bed, there were about seven people trying to hold me down. I blacked out again.

This is weird, when I opened up my eyes again; they had me tilted by the wall. On the wall was a stain of something. I didn’t know

what it was, but when I opened my eyes, I yelled disease, and then I closed my eyes again. When I woke up, I was at Desert Vista again. The first thing I did was call my mother. She asked me why I didn't call her sooner. I guess I was out for three days; I was so doped up.

While I was there, I met another kid named Joshua. I didn't get a chance to get his last name, but he was a king in my mind, the king of Asia. I will just look up his record and summon him later, I thought. This was in 2004 when I went back. When I'm manic I don't know dates or times, I don't really care.

When I got out, I was on the same medication I started out with. It's like I had to go to Desert Vista again, so I could meet Joshua.

In 2008 while I was incarcerated in jail, guess who was sitting right next to me in visitation? Yup, the same Joshua. His last name was Coulter, I seen it on his ID that he

had on his wrist. Now, tell me that I'm not crazy.

Man, are you still with me or am I all alone? Okay, we hit the bottom of the rabbit hole, now there are two tunnels we can go down. So let's go down the tunnel that leads to Mother Nature. Do you love Mother Nature? Well, she hates us, like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, "OFF WITH THEIR HEADS." We are stripping her bare, raping her, polluting her air, polluting her seas, killing her animals, and she hates when her flowers are cut a couple of days before Valentine's Day. I don't even want to mention the part, where people cut down her trees. If she had hands, she would smack the shit out of us. When I say, Universal Pictures or Universal Studios, Lions Gate, 21st Century FOX, Starbucks, Apple, Cricket Wireless, Shell Oil and Gasoline, Bumblebee Tuna, Geico Insurance, you know the little Gecko, Amazon, Twitter, Planet Fitness, Mountain Bell, it's an old phone company, now its AT&T, and every

other Company that has to do with Mother Nature, planets or space. Well, all those Companies are hers. She has lots and lots of money. (((Quadrillions))) I don't know, I just thought about it one day.

Alright, let us go down the last tunnel. It will take us on a journey with Enoch.

Have you ever heard of the Dead Sea? Why is it called the Dead Sea? Well, after Adam and Eve fucked up. He scooped up Eden and hid it somewhere where it couldn't be found for a long time. The book of Enoch tells a story about a place.

(Enoch's journey through the Earth and Sheol.) XVII. And they took and brought me to a place in which those who were there were like flaming fire, and when they wished, they appeared as men. 2. And they brought me to a place of darkness, and to a mountain the point of whose summit reached to heaven. 3. And I saw the places of the luminaries and in the treasuries of the stars and of thunder, and in the **uttermost**

depths, where were a fiery bow and arrows and the quiver, and a fiery sword and all the lightning's. 4. And they took me to the living waters, and to the fire of the west, which receives every setting of the sun. 5. And I came to a RIVER OF FIRE in which the fire flows like water and discharges itself into the great sea towards the west. 6. I saw the great rivers and came to the great river and to the great darkness, and went to the place where no flesh walks. 7. I saw the mountain of the darkness of winter and the place whence all the waters of the deep flow. 8. I saw the mouths of all the rivers of the earth and the mouth of the deep. XVIII. I saw the treasuries of all the winds; I saw how He had furnished with them the whole creation and the firm foundations of the earth. 2. And I saw the corner-stone of the earth: I saw the four winds which bear the earth and firmament of the heaven. 3. And I saw how the winds stretch out the vaults of heaven and have their station between heaven and earth: these are pillars of the heaven. 4. I saw the winds of heaven which

turn and bring the circumference of the sun and all the stars to their settings 5. I saw the winds on the earth carrying the clouds: I saw the path of the angels: I saw at the end of the earth the firmament of the heavens above. 6. And I proceeded and saw a place which BURNS day and night, where there are SEVEN MOUNTAINS of magnificent stones, three towards the east and three towards the south. 7. And as for those towards the east (ONE) was of colored stone, and one of pearl, and one of **jacinth,** and those towards the south of red stone. 8. But the middle one reached to heaven like the throne of GOD, of alabaster, and the summit of the throne was of sapphire. 9. And I saw a FLAMING FIRE. And beyond these mountains. 10. Is a region, the end of the great earth: there the heavens were completed.

Now, I have questions. Why did they leave the book of Enoch out of the Bible? Maybe it was too scary. Now, you do some research. How many islands in Hawaii?

How many volcanoes? Do they call Hawaii a paradise? Is there a River Of Fire that flows into the ocean? OH MY GOD. Is there a base called Pearl Harbor? (Get your fucking toys off *his* island.) And give Hawaii back to the people America. (Thieves)

Let us move on, shall we? This rabbit hole is too damn crazy.

Chapter 5

Saving the World

Saving the world, something I want to still do. I said I know life right? I have been through a lot, so I know the pain, suffering, madness, sadness, sickness, disease and death, the seven nasty plagues of the world. I tell this to people, “Would you save yourself or the people around you?” I say the people around me, because if they are saved, I wouldn’t need saving.

Why do I want to save the world? I feel the seven nasty plagues. I don’t want anybody to go through them. Kids are growing up in war, famine and pestilence. Homeless people, with nowhere to go, that

are cold, hungry, and lonely. I know poverty and the challenges kids go through in life. Parents arguing and fighting, the kids are crying in the room. Kids being molested and women being raped, kids growing up in the projects, where there is nothing but gang-banging and drugs, bullets flying everywhere, no food to eat, and their parents all doped up. These events set the kids up for failure when they get older.

The price of living is so high. You got rent or a mortgage payment, car payments, insurance, food, daycare, electric, gas, trash and water. People are working two jobs, just to get by.

Well, I'm trying to ease that burden. I wrote the little stupid book, as an example. I want to better LIFE. It's like I feel the world's problems. I don't want any fame or fortune. I just want the insanity to go away. There is madness in the world; they say people need to go through it, to better their life. I don't believe that. It's like growing up in stormy waters. Kids get conformed to the

storm, but if they grow up in calm waters, it changes in so many ways.

The way my life was, I should have been in prison a long time ago. I hated my life and everyone in it. Until I got sick and tired and wrote the book. You know when kids are unloved and/or have no guidance in life, they become bullies or assholes. They don't care about anything. Madness is what they have been through, so their mindset is the same. So I wouldn't blame the bully or the asshole, I would blame their upbringing.

Now, I can't say that for every kid that had challenges in life, but most of them do. Look, I'm no therapist or doctor, but ask a doctor if he had a bad life growing up. Most of them don't.

They try to get in our heads, but they don't understand us. They only know what's in the book. I guarantee you that whoever wrote the book of psychology didn't have a shitty life, but I can't say that, because I'm no mind reader. I don't have a crystal ball.

I know what poor is, we got Government assistance. My brother's hand me downs. I even wore my mom's chic jeans to school one day, a lot of kids laughed. So I want no kid to go through that shit. I know my life was grand compared to other kids. I'm just using my life as an example.

A lot of people in the world needs help and the world needs saving. There are so many things wrong in the world.

We need lots of funding for research into renewable sources, money for research into cleaner, more efficient cars and trucks, more money for conservation, more funding for research on Global Warming, funding for the Environmental Protection Agency. We need to regulate Carbon Dioxide emissions, which is a major contributor to Global Warming. We need auto makers to develop high mileage cars and more funding for research for electric vehicles. We need money for the Endangered Species Act. We need lots of money for solar and cleaner electric. We need to clean our fresh water

lakes and ponds. We need to stop building houses with wood, and build them with hard clay or concrete.

I know, you say money right; we need lots and lots of money. People don't want to work for free, and a lot of people don't care about the environment. Where did we go wrong? I tell you one word, (LOVE). If we loved the world and each other, it would be a lot different, but hatred and greed tore the people apart. The rich get richer and the poor get fucked over.

What we need is a benefit program which coordinates care for people without health insurance among public hospitals, clinics, and other healthcare providers worldwide. We need childcare and development programs to provide childcare to low-income families, and funding for low-income housing, but again money issues. I know the world is broke, and don't want to pay up. I get it.

Okay, now can I get in my CRAZY mind and tell you what we need to do? The only thing I am concerned about is education, clean water, food, and shelter. Now, I'm not talking about just in America, I'm talking about the whole world. In most places people don't have running water. Some have to walk a mile to the river or lake. There is only 3% of fresh water on land. Water is the most precious resource we have, and we don't have enough of it. And a lot of fresh water runs into the oceans. If I were in charge, which I am not, I would start by giving running water to the people that don't have it.

We need people, educated people. I know where there are a lot of people that would be happy to work. The people I'm talking about are incarcerated in prison. We all make mistakes in life, we screw up once and we are locked up tight for 5 to 30 years. I say rehabilitate, not isolate. Everybody deserves a second chance at life. Before their release or probation, get them an education. Teach

them to be doctors (God knows we need them around the world), contractors, business workers, farmer's etc. once they complete their classes, let them work 6 months out of the year and pay them a year's wages. Send them everywhere around the world, places that need clean water. Dig wells, lay pipe, install pumps at the rivers and lakes. Pumps that filter clean water. All you would have to do is teach them how. In hot remote places, have them work at night.

Where do prisoners go when they get out of prison? They probably already have a program for them, but if they don't I have a plan. Let's (pretend) that I'm in prison, I got 6 years for stealing a car. I did 4 years already. While I was doing my 4 years I got my G.E.D. now I got 2 years left. They started me in the work program at minimum wage. They said I can't spend any of it until I get out. I joined the welding program, because they make a lot of money. I also took an automotive class, because I like to work on cars. When I get out my skill set

will get me a good job. Let's say I completed my courses and got my diploma and my certification. I got two weeks left and got 18,000 dollars saved. A lady is supposed to come by with my housing voucher and food stamp application, plus the prison gave me a list of automotive repair shops, plus they gave me some welding companies to call. They gave me a 500-dollar food stamp card and a housing voucher that pays a third of my rent, plus they got me my own apartment already. I landed a job at an automotive repair shop 3 miles down the road from the apartments. I get out next week. I called the D.M.V. and I got my driver's license for free. I didn't have to pay off my fines. Tomorrow is my last day in prison, the prison was kind of nice to drop me off at my apartments and they gave me a free bus pass for a year, plus they threw in a cell phone. End of story. The prisoner lives happily ever after. (I hope.)

The government pays the prisons millions of dollars a year. Well, put that money to

good use. They can work 6 months, then they can go anywhere they want for 6 months and get paid for it. Treat them like human-beings and they will act like human-beings. A lot of people would want to do it. Send people that are not in prison, the more the merrier.

Okay, let's move on to houses or should I say skyscrapers? Have you seen that commercial with the malnutrition kids that are living in huts with flies around them or the people who live in the slums? Let's build tall skyscrapers for the poor and the people with a low-income. I'm talking air-conditioning, hot water, refrigerators, stoves, and showers, the basic commodities of life. Stuff that most people take for granted.

All we need is money and builders, *let's say we have unlimited amount of money.* Build schools and have transportation, so kids don't have to walk a long way. Teach people to be teachers. Have a little hospital. Put people through medical school. Teach them farming, make them greenhouses. You

know that chia seeds and cacao beans are so full of nutrition. Add them to their food. They both would end world hunger. If people cared, this would be able to happen. So that takes care of clean water, and shelter, plus I threw in a school and a medical facility also.

There are a lot of good people that would be happy to throw in some clothes, blankets, kitchenware and basic house hold items. I told you (LOVE) is the cure. Okay, how much money would it take for all this happiness? Let's do some math. Let's start with labor, let's say a thousand workers a year, have five hundred people work for the first six months, then five hundred work for the last six months, we need electricians, welders, plumbers, people who do drywall, framers, installers etc. let's say we pay them one hundred dollars an hour. *Remember we have an unlimited amount of money.* Would one hundred dollars an hour make them happy? I guess some would get paid higher wages if they do more complicated things,

The higher the skill, the more they get paid, like architects, and supervisors.

Okay, we got to have trailers or a facility for them to live in and transportation to get them there, plus food cost, etc. Throw all that in, with the skyscraper project. Eight hours is too damn long to work, you don't have any time to have fun or relax, so let's say six hours, if you want to work more hours that's fine. If you work over forty hours a week, you get time and a half. Six hours at a hundred dollars an hour is, six hundred dollars a day right? Times twenty days a month, that is a whopping twelve thousand a month; times a year would be one hundred and forty-four thousand a year, for one person, now take one thousand and times it by one hundred and forty-four thousand, which would come out to one hundred and forty-four million dollars a year for one thousand people.

How much do all the politicians make a year? There are more than a thousand politicians, so let's get rid of all the

politicians and the Governments, we really don't need them.

Good people will run the world, people that are creative and can bring ideas to the table. I think people from the agriculture business, people that know the financial system, people that know water and the food supply, people that know the criminal system, people from the educational department, people that build, people that know housing, people that can run Healthcare, and people that can run Social Security and benefits.

Have different factions that deal with life. Let us end politics, communism, and dictatorship. Let us come together, not in a World Order, but a Unified World. That would save a lot of money, but do not listen to me, I am crazy.

Let's move on to the skyscrapers and facilities for them, and transportation. It's going to be expensive, but we could make one skyscraper in about two years right? The

bigger the village is, the bigger the skyscraper has to be.

What if one company owned all the companies that makes skyscrapers? I'm talking down to the bulldozers, metals and all the construction companies. Yes, yes, a monopoly. Once you can control the companies. Nobody is making a profit; we pay for labor that's it.

I got a (Question.) Whose oil is it really? Take the money that is produced from oil a year, which would definitely pay for labor every year, so how much are we paying for labor? A big fat 0, and the rest of the oil's profit can go to food and education. Then when the skyscrapers are complete, have the people pay a little, then put that money back into labor. I hope my math is correct. My head is spinning, like the world, nonstop.

There is like 6 or 7 billion people in the world. We can sure put them to work, and the politicians.

Now, let's talk about housing. The houses and apartments that are already complete, and the new ones being built. I say forget the banks, forget the middle men and all the lone companies. Let us have one realtor, they own the land, they own the building materials, from concrete to metals. Yes, yes, a monopoly. If you sell your old house, you would sell it to the realtor; if you buy a house you would buy it from the same realtor, they will get you in a home without interest rates or high mark-ups, and insurance will be included. You can rent to own or purchase outright.

Let us (pretend) that a house will cost you one hundred dollars per room a month. You would pay for the kitchen, den, dining room, living room, bedrooms, etc. Bathrooms would be excluded. So a two bedroom with kitchen, living room and dining room will cost you 500 dollars per month. A one bedroom with kitchen and living room will cost you 300 dollars a month. Apartments would be the same. So a studio would cost

you 150 dollars a month, because the kitchens so damn small.

Now, check this out. Let's say you want to upgrade from a two bedroom to a five bedroom. Half the money you spent on your two bedroom house would go to your five bedroom house. It would carry over.

Now, if you wanted a huge house, you're going to pay a high price. The price of a home will very, if it's out of town it will cost less. The more in town will cost you more. The downtown area will cost you even more. Renting a house is bull shit and nobody should rent a home or an apartment.

Now, if you want a downgrade, because you and your wife split up, this is sad to see, but you'll get a good price. If you can't afford a lower priced home a month, which is kind of impossible. We will work with you. Shit happens. We will even work with single parents with five kids. The realtor will have a benefit program that will help them so they can have a nice home. The money

you pay for housing will go to housing, so everyone can be happy with a home. So that takes care of shelter.

Okay, I'm still in my CRAZY mind. I have an idea about education and daycare. Let's have them in the same facility. When you drop your kids off to school, give them the little ones also. They will watch your kids for free, as long as you like. Let them go to school, then after school, offer them after school programs. Things like music, sports, games, computer classes, then add playgrounds, and skate parks, anything that would make the kids happy. When you get off work and do all your shopping, go back to the school and pick up all your kids. The daycare will be open all night for the people who work nights. The kids will never want to go home. I think we should name it Schoolcare. When the kids get to high school, they're on their own. (FREE BREAKFAST, LUNCH, AND DINNER FOR ALL)

Now, let's talk about policeman at every entrance with a walk-in metal detector. Let's keep our kids safe. I know money issues again. We need money for that. Hey, I got an idea, let's get rid of the Federal Reserve and have the World Financial Treasury make the money.

What's the difference between a university and a college? I say, not a damn thing. A degree is a degree, no matter where it comes from, even if it comes from a guy who got his degree in prison. The only thing the application should say is - what degree do you have? And the applications that say – are you a felon? -Should be erased. That goes for all applications. Applications that deal with children should have. – Have you ever been convicted of child molestation? And I think background checks are bad, because it's not what they did in the past, it's what they're going to do in the future. I would love to see a man get out of prison and become a doctor. I'm not here on this planet to judge. Like I said, get them their

education before they get out of prison. An education is an education, no matter where it comes from.

Trade schools and on-line classes, that's what I think, and let us, squash all student debt. If they want to play sports send them to Sports Camp. Only the strong will survive.

I know you have a lot of questions. I know you want to play the Devil's advocate. What about the people who work at McDonald's or the people only getting minimum wage, they're going to want to work also.

How much will you spend on electric, if the pyramids are in space? The answer to that question is zero. How much will you be paying a month for a home? Well, that depends on you. How much gas are you buying a month? If you go electric you would be paying nothing. So how much are you paying a month to live? Now, you got some money. You can go out and buy

merchandise, which will give the stores more profits, so they can pay their employees more money a week, plus you can afford restaurants, giving the restaurants more cash a week, and let's get rid of fast-food and fast. It's all junk anyways. True? Frozen patties, and stale french-fries. It's really fattening anyways. If you go to a fast-food restaurant, pay seven dollars for a burger and five for fries. The franchises are making so much money; they can afford raises to their employees. If not, have them work at farms and the agricultural businesses, for 100 dollars an hour. I'm telling you now, the people who work on their feet, should be getting more money.

For the agricultural businesses, ship the meat, dairy products and crops straight to the consumer or grocery store. We are going to need new farms and new land to grow new crops, because growing crops on the same land is awful, no nutrients and full of pesticides. I have an idea, get some land and grow something that the bugs or insects

love. Grow some of it by the fields, they will be attracted to the field that has what they love, and leave our food that we love alone, and when they're all in that field, spray only that field. Then grow new bug crops, make sure you keep the field away from the irrigation ditches, we don't want no pesticide in the water.

I have another idea. Stop putting the retardant on the fires with airplanes, (IT'S KILLING THE SOIL) let the fires burn naturally. The fires are replenishing OUR o-zone layer. You can replace the town. You cannot replace the o-zone layer or the soil. Take the retardant plane and fill it with good soil and let it drop on the hard ground that has no nutrients and make new fields, (Dust Dusters.) The best thing to do is to make new fields, because the old field is still soaked with pesticides. AND FLY THE FUCKING CROP DUSTER INTO A MOUNTAIN.

We can grow indoors as well. They are called GREEN HOUSE'S. And let's get some fresh meat. No hormones or steroids, let us treat the cows, how we would want to be treated, and then eat um raw. Well, simmer a little, then eat them raw. When we cook it, we cook the entire nutrients out of it; we need to eat the fish raw as well. Chicken, pork and other poultry we cook. (God said, "Do not eat the flesh of swine.") This is because swine sometimes carry worms, which can get you sick. So cook the swine, and then eat. And remember it's not called flesh when the meat is cooked. (Salam)e

Grass fed beef, none of this hay crap. Grow the grass in a greenhouse or fields and let them get fat. Have fans blow the flies off of them. I say, treat the animals well, and they will be yummy. And we should have lots of hatcheries also.

I say, "Fresh food, not fast-food." Look, if I really want to eat a chicken nugget from a fast food place, and not care what's really in

it, I'll buy it for 7 bucks and smother it in BBQ sauce. I'll just have health problems later on in life.

Okay, food for the masses. People consume lots of food. I'm going to ask a relevant question, is it cheaper to go out and get a hamburger and fries, for seven dollars or go shopping and pick up five pounds of hamburger meat and a bag of potatoes for seven dollars, cook all of it, then freeze the rest of it, and save it for another day or should I say food for a week? It's cheaper to go out to the grocery store and buy the food, and it's even cheaper to go out and buy bulk and freeze it. I love Cost-Co. I wish we had thousands around the globe. Look at Kirkland products. They make everything, food, clothing, they make so many other products, and they are cheap, and it's in bulk.

So that takes care of education and the three commodities of life, clean water, shelter and food. I saw a documentary on the slums around the world. I have watched

movies and read books on poverty and hunger, people living in mud houses, where there is no food, schools or medical facilities. I want to bring that to human-beings. Human kindness goes a long way. I just wished people see it like I do. I feel it, it's like I feel the world's problems.

I know I'm jumping around a little bit, but I hope you're following me. I forgot small businesses. If they're making two-million a year in profits, they are doing fine. If their profits are under two-million a year, let's give them money to expand their business, let's get them statewide, if they start making good profits; put them all around their country, then around the globe. Now, how much money are they making a year? Once they start earning lots of revenue have the company kick back some money for other small businesses to grow. Now, everyone's getting paid.

There is a show on TV called Shark Tank. It's where the PEOPLE created a product. If the product will sell, they will give you

money to help you out, but they want 99% of your company, for a loan of 175,000. I hate greedy fucking people. The World Financial Treasury will give you 175,000; just pay them back 200,000, over a longer period of time. Like I said before, 'Shit Happens.'

Now, let us talk about the Stock Market. We don't need it. Fucking sucker fishes. Let the World Financial Treasury run the markets, just think about all the money it will generate for food, shelter, clean water, and education. Now we can build houses, skyscrapers and put money towards food and education. So if I were you I wouldn't be putting money in stocks. But don't listen to me, I'm delusional remember.

I have another idea. Have companies merge together. I'm talking about Cola companies, department stores, grocery stores, Healthcare, oil and gas companies, airlines, on-line companies and car companies; even Social-Media companies. I

would love to see Pepsi and Coke in one machine

All of the cell phone companies should merge together, instead of fighting over who's cheaper and whose broadband area is larger. If they would come together there income would be larger, and put all phones on a big network worldwide. Have the makers of cell phones come together also, and put lots of profit back into the network. That way, everyone is connected.

I think cell phones are too damn expensive. I say one provider and a cheaper smartphone, even if they are recycled. Old phone for a refurbished phone for a cheaper price, if you want a new phone, pay for one. I would pay a couple of dollars extra a month for insurance also. I think fifty dollars a month for unlimited talk, text, data and hotspot, plus five dollars a month for insurance would be nice. Speaking of insurance companies, ((NO MORE DEDUCTIBLES)) insurance companies pay for everything.

Have all insurance companies come together also. Get the average insurance prices and that's what you charge for insurance a month or year. Have home and car insurance cover everything, car accidents, floods, fires and natural disasters.

Now for auto insurance. No deductibles and full coverage for every vehicle. I think car insurance should come with the car, once the car is paid off, and then spend a little on insurance.

I have another idea. Let's make vehicles that are electric and basically have all the same parts, except for body and paint. Have the same electric motor, same battery, same frame and all the same parts. Make them international. It would be way cheaper to fix or replace, plus the parts would be easy to find. That's just my idea.

If you want a fancy car, go out and pay 4 million for it. The profits will just go to the International Electric Motor Company.

Why, am I worried about other people? It is called love. I hate to see people suffer. So let us breed more food. Let us grow more crops, and build up instead of out. Let us reach the heavens. I tell people when they complain, “This food is terrible.” tell that to the homeless guy. “I don’t like these clothes.” tell that to a person who doesn’t have any.

So many people take things for granted. It’s a blessing to have hot water, food, clothing and a roof over our head. God gave us plenty, its greed and take.

How much money does Taylor Swift and Beyoncé make? It would be nice if they did a tour for charity, and it would be awesome if musicians come together and do a big Woodstock 2 or 3 times a year for education.

How much money is spent on war? If all that money went to clean water, shelter, food, and education this world would be saved.

How many seeds in one apple, let's say five seeds, five seeds per apple. How many trees do we get from five seeds, we get five trees, now how many seeds come from five trees?

And we still have world hunger. It kills me to think that. That's why I wrote the book, and charged two hundred dollars for it, it's not much, but it would've helped.

I don't know about you, but I haven't seen a book that was two hundred dollars, that went to education, healthcare, and the rest to charity. The 25% I got would've gone out also, but where is it? Maybe my mom's right; they threw it away in the trash, just like they did with life.

Chris Webby's lyrics to the song (Our Planet)

How will the future generation see us? We had a choice, knew the stakes. Saw the signs, had the science to teach us, but we chose money over all else. We saw it creeping up, but we never sought help. Now

we got a climate crisis, we got shorter seasons, we got mass extinction, we got coral bleaching. We got glaciers melting, we got oil leaking, while the sizes of the beaches on our shores decreasing. We got heat waves and droughts, while the forest's burning. All in the name, but it's corporate earning. The poor get sicker; the rich get richer. The lifespan of the planet ticks down quicker, killing Mother Nature on a quest to get the paper. Now almost everything is looking critically in danger. Well, except humans, but it's easy to tell. The end result of killing nature will be killing ourselves. Yeah, we paid paradise if the price is right for a new world, but got no wildlife in sight. What a place to grow up in, can't shoot for nothing, if you can't see the stars in the sky at night. I mean, we live in an artificial society, disconnected from what's really happing entirely, the news don't talk about it, Politian's keep it quietly, under the rug for campaign fund robbery, and where we heading, yo, it really makes me sick, but most don't even know, I guess ignorance is

bliss, but that ignorance is why we got these problems that exist. If we rose up as a people and started to give a shit, we'd accomplish anything if we just made a decision, and started doing something instead of complaining and bitching Cause regardless of our views, of our race or religion, we all share the same place that we live in. If we lose the Amazon, we lose the lungs of the planet, how the Hell ain't everyone in a panic? Cause we're losing it faster than ever, I hope that path will get better, but it's feeling more like we've been going backwards instead of the right way. At the rate of all the coral declines, in just a matter of a time, there'll be no Nemo to find. The Oceans as a whole are on the brink of collapse, chocked out by trash as the fisheries crash. With these plastic-covered beaches running up and down the coastline, pretty soon, there'll be no time, but we never learn 'til it's too late, until there's no move to make. Don't believe me? Then just you wait. We fight wars over oil with millions slaughtered. Just imagine when we're killing

for water, real talk. We polluting everything that we drink and breathe. Time to re-prioritize what we think we need. All this human development, giving everybody condos, now the animals don't got homes. Clear cutting ancient forests, where they used to hunt, taking everything they needed and we used it up, now they look like refugees with no place to go. see'em wandering, confused, as they pace the road, that cut through their whole world, and they span the land like asphalt veins as human demands expand, until they gone for good by the hand of man. Whether poached or pushed out, they don't stand a chance, better take another look or the only elephants and lions that your kid's will see is in the pages of a book. Yeah, we all just trying to pay our bills but just do your part. Cause there's a lot worse saved than still, I know that making changes is hard to do, but this change has to start with you, Yeah.

God bless you Chris Webby

I want to end this chapter, with one of my poems. It's called A Letter to God.

A Letter to God

Dear God:

I'm so sorry

I'm so sorry for polluting your air

For polluting your seas

Killing your animals

Making them go extinct

You created a beautiful World

That we all took for granted

We cut down your trees

That you have planted

I wish I can go back in time

And correct all this madness

Now, my child is left with all this sadness

Every day I get on my knees

And pray for a solution

To end all the pollution

Mother Nature is dying

She's slowly coming to an end

I am reaching out to her

But she has no hands

I cry for her

But she cannot hear me

I just want to tell her

That I'm sorry

Now it's too late

We're all out of time

I just hope that you'll forgive me

For all of my hatred and crime

I know I must ask for forgiveness

I must call out your name

I just hope you'll hear me

And not point your finger and blame

But if you do

I'll understand

This is your World

I am just man

So please forgive me Lord

For what I have done

I have made you miserable

Ever since I was young

I did not believe in you

So I did not care

I depleted your resources

Left your land browning and bare

I killed what you created

Like a cancer that spreads

It's surrounding the World

There's almost nothing left

So please hear me God

Hearken my words

Please forgive me

For ruining your Earth

SAVE ME

Chapter 6

LOVE

There's this thing called love, have you ever heard of it? It's really hard to come by. If you see it or find it, you better snatch it up quick, and hope it last a long time.

The love I'm talking about is the love for family. They say blood is thicker than water. That's if they don't piss you off, steal from you, or talk smack behind your back.

Well, my family did all of it. I couldn't leave ten dollars lying out, without someone taking it. Then when you confront them, they would deny it. I hated it, but I still loved them. 'A little'

I loved my mom; it was butterfly kisses, and Eskimo kisses, plus the crab. I don't really remember her, because she hung out in her room a lot. Her friends would come over and she would lock the door and do drugs. When I was a baby my dad drove a station wagon up the stairs and into the living room. He came home drunk one night and was pissed off, because all the neighbors would be at our house. That's about the time they got divorced.

My mother worked at the Arizona State Hospital (Insane Asylum) she worked on a geriatric unit.

When I was a kid I went to work with her. I pushed patients around in their wheelchairs and ate ice-cream sandwiches out of the freezer. She worked in the seventies to the early eighties, and then she had surgery on her hands. My mother had carpel tunnel in both her hands, so she had to quit. She couldn't lift more than five pounds at the time.

My mother applied for government assistance. Yes, we were on food stamp and other benefits, but we got buy. The assistance she got wasn't enough, so she started selling marijuana on the side.

My dad didn't pay child support, so she had to do what she had too, it was easy money. She had to take care of us, I don't blame her. I was just scared she was going to get busted, but she never did. We didn't have much, but we survived.

We moved around a lot. I ended up going to six different schools by the time I was in high school. I would meet a lot of friends, and then swoosh, I would move again. After a while I stopped making friends. I had to see a therapist when I was a sophomore, because the school told her that I was always by myself and had no friends, if they only knew the real reason why I kept to myself. I didn't mind moving, but it was the friends.

I loved it when we moved to a nudist resort. It was called Shangri-La Nudist

Resort; it's in New River, Arizona. My stepfather was a nudist.

My mother met my stepfather after I was born. He was the one who took me to see the dead body at the Arizona State Hospital. They met and got married. He introduced her to nudism. We started going there when we were kids. I loved it. There was a pool, Jacuzzi, sauna, steam room, clubhouse, playground, basketball court, tennis court, pool table, shuffle board, horse shoe pit; they had a kitchen on the weekends. It was so fun. We were naked by the time we hit the road to the resort.

While we were there, it was all eye contact, plus cameras were restricted. No perverted thing ever happened while I was there. My mother stayed in my stepfather's trailer; we had a tent popped up outside. That's where I had my seizure and hit my head. My mother and I moved up there when I did my second year in fifth grade. My sister and brother moved in with my dad and I stayed with mom.

I lived in the old camper shell my stepfather owned. Every day I had school, I used to wake-up at 4:30 and get my clothes for the day and put them in the hot sauna, then I would jump in the Jacuzzi for about 30 minutes, then jump in the hot shower, then I would go in the hot sauna and dress for school. I had my little routine. Sometimes I would jump in the cold pool first, then the Jacuzzi.

I walked about 2 miles to the bus stop every day, my best buddy walked with me. I went to New River Elementary School. It was outside the nudist resort. All the kids laughed at me, but always wanted to come over.

Shangri-La is where I met my best buddy. One day I was kicking back on a lounge chair and this dog came up and dropped a rock on my lap. I said, “Gross.” And then I threw the rock. The dog ran after it so fast and picked it up and brought it back. I threw it again a couple more times, and then we ran home. I showed the dog to my mother

and said, “Can we keep it?” as she was feeding him rib bones. How did she know? As soon as I asked, she was always right there with something. I guess moms know everything. She always said she had eyes in the back of her head.

The dog didn’t have a collar on it. She said it might be somebody else’s dog. So she told me to keep it off a chain, because if it decides to go home, it can. I named the dog Buddy. We waited about a week and the dog was still with me. The manager told me if I’m going to keep the dog, it has to be on a leash. I was so happy. I swear that God gave him to me. I needed a friend, a good one. The dog was black and white and looked like a pit-bull and a lab mix. It had webbed feet and was buffed out. The dog was so smart. We did everything together.

When I slept in the back of the truck and looked up at the stars, he was with me. We went to the river bottom and turned over rocks to find scorpions. We went to the cave up in the mountain and saw a rattle snake,

we just stared at it. When he got stickers in his feet, he pulled them out himself.

He walked with me to the bus stop and was waiting in the shade when I got back. He loved to swim. I would throw a rock in the water about two-foot-deep and he would dip his whole head in the water and fetch the same rock out. He would latch on to a rope and I would swing him around. I put a bicycle tire and tied it to a rope and hung it in the tree. He would jump and grab it and hang on to it, until you said let go. He had lock jaw, so it was kind of hard for him to let go.

After a while we got him some tennis balls, because the rocks were grinding his teeth, but rocks were his favorite. I set a rock on the television and he would sit there and watch it.

One time I was hitting golf balls out in the field and the ball dropped off the tee. While I was swinging the club, he went for the ball; I ended up smacking him in the jaw. I

felt so bad, but he just kept looking at the golf ball and bleeding out the side of his mouth. It wasn't that bad. He was fine, no loose teeth. Just his gums were cut a little. He didn't like cats or other dogs, unless we walked him slowly up to them and said its okay Buddy.

One time he got sick and wouldn't eat. My dad said it was parvovirus. My dad fed him white rice with boiled hamburger to absorb any fluids in his stomach and green Gatorade to re-hydrate him, plus he gave him Pepto-Bismol to calm his stomach. My dog lived.

As I grew older, we grew apart, but he was always my Buddy. While he was living at my stepfather's house, he got off his chain one day and he made it three miles down the road and got hit by a car and died. The road he died on was called Missouri, the same street Channel 3 was by. Sure sounds like misery. That's how I would of spelled misery. Maybe someone knew.

I finished fifth grade, then my mom got suicidal during the summer. She fell into a deep depression. I didn't know it at the time; she kept it hidden pretty well. My daughter never knew I had depression until she was older either. I guess that is just something you don't tell a kid. She spent a year in the hospital. I never saw her during that time, maybe it was good that I didn't. I missed her though. I went to live with my real dad for a year. When I finished my sixth grade, and mom got out of the hospital, I moved in with her again, my stepfather moved the trailer down to Deer Valley. It was still in Phoenix, Arizona. It was on the outskirts of town. I never moved out of Maricopa County.

My mom and my stepfather hardly ever lived under the same roof, they hated each other. He was Republican, she was Democrat. They always fought with each other, so he had his own trailer and we had ours. My stepfather lived at his place in town and we lived in a trailer at the North Phoenix Campgrounds. He was always there

when we needed him. He came and got me, whenever he needed help.

Well, it was my mother, Buddy and I living in a small trailer together. She wanted a trailer space that had a back wall, but there was none available at the time, so we waited for one to open up. The trailer was about thirty-foot-long and seven-foot-wide. She slept on the bed, and Buddy and I hit the table that turned into a bed. He always slept with me, until I kicked him out for taking up all the room, then he would sleep with moms. It had a small kitchen and bathroom. We had to take showers down at the shower rooms at the camp.

One time I was cooking an artichoke. I cooked it in a pressure cooker; well, I didn't know what a pressure cooker was. The lid had locked and I went to open it. The lid came off the pan so hard; it dented the vent and burned the shit out of me. Luckily the vent was there, if it wasn't, it would've smacked me right in the head. We barely had enough money for some bandages. I felt

bad that we had to spend the last of our money on bandages. She gave me a hug and said, “It’s okay, at least you’re still with me.” And I’m glad I was.

My mom was still using at the time, but she wasn’t selling. When she went into town to stay with her friend, I used to steal the roaches from the ashtray and me and my friends got high.

I was fourteen years old when I started smoking marijuana. Before I started self-medicating on marijuana, I got bad grades, I couldn’t pay attention, I was disruptive in class and I had lots of anxiety. When I started smoking, I had a C average, I made student of the month, I started to focus, and my mood was a lot better. My mother never knew I smoked weed, until I got older.

I continued to smoke all throughout my life. I started smoking weed with moms when I was about twenty. We use to get high together and watch movies; we went to see Forest Gump high. My mother and I had a

very good relationship; I was definitely a momma's boy.

We finally got a spot with a back fence. So I had to help my stepfather move the trailer. He left about seven feet behind the trailer open, I didn't know why. When we were all finished, he pulled something out of his truck. It was his old army tent. We set it up behind the trailer. I was happy; I was going to live in a tent. An army tent at that. We put a waterbed in it; it came with a heater, for the cold winter nights. It was kind of hot living in it in the summer, but I was a kid, I didn't care. It was an army tent.

We lived there for two years. I went to Deer Valley Junior High; it was right across the street from the trailer park. That's where I wore my mother's Chick jeans to school, and all the kids in P.E. laughed, I didn't care, least I wasn't naked. I made it through Junior High (High) maybe that's why they call it high school, because most kids are high through it. I don't know, but I was.

After my eighth grade graduation, I moved to my dad's house for the summer. My mother moved to Goodyear, Arizona. Summer went by to quick, and then I moved up to moms again. We still had the same trailer. The army tent went to shit, but my stepfather bought a little trailer, smaller then my mom's. It was about twelve-foot-long and seven-foot-wide. We were on this little property behind a house. We had an outside toilet, shower, and a couple of sheds. There was a big pine tree in our yard. Buddy loved it, that's where I tied his tire swing. And that's where I hit him in his jaw, with the club, I still feel bad, poor dog.

I went to Agua Fria High School. The freshmen campus was in the middle of cotton fields and the rest was in the city of Avondale. I loved it. My freshmen year went by quick. When I was there, my science teacher was the coach for the football team; he took one look at my big calf muscles and said, "You should try out for the football team, with them big calf

muscles." My legs were strong from climbing the mountain in New River all the time, plus I had to keep up with my friends on a skateboard in Deer Valley. I went to ask moms if I could try out. She said, "I don't have the money to pick you up and take you to practice." I didn't say another word, I understood. I got in an accident during my sophomore year, so it didn't matter.

While I was in school, I was a hustler, my mother used to buy a big bag of Blow-Pops suckers with food stamps and I took them to school and sold them for fifty cents each, I had to make my lunch money somehow. I should have gotten candy bars also; I could have played football.

We lived in Goodyear for two years. I made it through my sophomore year and then I moved in with Candice's dad Larry in Phoenix and started working at McDonalds. My mother moved in one of my uncle's houses in Phoenix.

So my mother's love was infinite. "To infinity and beyond," like Buzz Light-year said. We didn't have much, but we had each other, and Buddy.

"Make your bed, do your laundry; and you better not give your mom any shit, while I'm gone. And clean your room and don't throw all your toys under the bed." Yes sir, no sir, my lovely stepfather, a man that I love more than my real dad.

He was an alcoholic also, but it was shape up or ship out. Discipline, is what he was about. He was in the Army for about 20 years, so you could just imagine. Like I said before, I would have been in prison a long time ago, but that man kept me straight, when he was around. When I would bitch about doing something, he would say, "Just do it." after I was done, he said, "Was that really hard to do?" I replied back and said, "No." then when I would say, "Good morning." He would tell me, "What's good about it?"

He told me war stories all the time. He was a lot older then my mom. When he was stationed in Berlin, Germany, guess who walked up to him and said, “Do you know where to get a drink around here?” it was rock and roll, Elvis Presley. They became drinking buddies after that. My step-pops met some of his family. I didn’t believe him, but he never lied to me.

While he was in the Korean War, he woke up early one morning, he told me he didn’t know why, but when he went to go shave, his bunker got mortared. All the men died. The (Question) is, who was looking after him? One time he ran out of bullets, and the enemy had his gun. They were face to face, and the enemy had no bullets in his gun also, so they looked at each other, then the enemy soldier took off. His war stories were pretty good.

He came home from work one night, and told me to go get him a beer out of the back of his truck; he always had beer in the ice chest. I went out to get him a beer, and a

moped was lying in the back. I got so happy; I ran in the house and told my brother and sister, I forgot his beer.

When he was at work that day, there was a guy that was riding the moped in the parking lot, he went and told the guy, if I catch you out here riding again, I'm going to take it, and he did. I think that one was a lie, because he wasn't that mean.

The next day we went out to ride it, I was about 7 years old. It was my turn, I wasn't scared, I jumped on that thing and gave it the gas, well, I didn't let go of the gas and smacked right into the fence, with my hand still on the gas. I was okay, just a couple of scars.

We went to Colorado on a fishing trip, just me and him. Colorado was beautiful. I slept most of the way, but he woke me up when there was something to look at. We went by a lake and millions of fish were jumping in and out of the water, catching bugs.

We got to his cousin's house; it was a big cabin out by a creek. There were a lot of water snakes. I was walking in the field with tall grass and one of them chased me. I ran and jumped on the fence. I was scared. When we went fishing, we caught sucker fishes and big trout. We threw the sucker fishes behind us, because there were too many in the lake, but the trout we ate. I love to eat fish. I had so much fun.

He wrapped my presents with clear box tape, took me hours to open the presents.

I was a lazy kid, so he put me to work all the time building things. I hated it, but I would do anything for that man.

I love my dad, but he was always drunk, I hardly ever seen him sober. I went over on the weekends, and summer breaks, but it was always bars or BBQ's out by the fire, and lots of beer.

Being at his house was so much fun, because we got away with a lot of stuff. He gave my step-brother and I money and we

walked to the public pools. He made us stay outside, because we were running in and out of the house. When we were thirsty, we drank from the hose. I remember losing all my marbles to this kid and I wanted to fight him, he kicked my ass. I ran home crying and my dad told me to go back and fight him again, but this time. Don't come home crying.

One time my step-mother came running out the house yelling at us. When she said the word fucker, her false teeth flew out her mouth. We started laughing so hard, she beat the shit out of my step-brother and told me, "Your dad will take care of you." It was so funny.

One of my dad's friends was a tree trimmer. I learned how to climb palm trees with spike boots and a rope. One time Larry the tree trimmer chased us around the house with the chainsaw.

We had a party at Larry's house. He bought a hog and some chickens. I was told

one time, that if you cut off a chicken's head, it will run until it dies. Well, that story is true, because when he cut off one of the chicken's head, it ran straight into the oleanders and died. It was sad, but funny to watch.

My step-brother and I had to dig the pit for the hog. It was about four-foot-deep and five-foot-long. After we were done, we threw wood in the pit and had a fire, then they wrapped the hog in a wet sheet, and then wrapped palm fronds around it, then they threw it on the hot coals and threw dirt on it. They let it cook all day. Night came and everyone was pretty much drunk already. We pulled the hog out and had a feast. Larry sucked the brains out of the skull, it was so gross.

Everyone called my dad Gypsy Joe, because he moved around a lot. When I was older; my dad turned into a pimp, because he used to take the hookers and drop them off and waited for them. My dad smoked a

lot of crack. So I guess he was a crack-headed pimpster.

My step-brother and I ran the hood a lot, until he got older and started getting in trouble. He liked to go through cars and steal change or steal the whole damn car, so I stayed away from him after that.

My real brother was always hanging out with Candice's dad Larry. They were always out cruising Central. Larry had a Plymouth Roadrunner, with a 383 in it, that thing had my head in the back seat. It was fast. I hardly went cruising with the big boys, I was too young, but Larry took me once in a while.

My sister was always partying; she had a bunch of friends, so I barely hung out with sis. It seemed like everyone was having a good time, but me. I hated being the youngest.

There was one lady that loved the shit out of me; it was my good old grandmother. She lived in Phoenix; my whole family lived in

Phoenix, Arizona. It was my dad's mother. I remember the washes in the sink, the record player, Lego's and Monkey's in a Barrel. I remember my teddy bear, named Teddy. It had a music box in it, when I got older I tore it out, I didn't care about Teddy no more. I remember the bed time stories, shopping at the mall. She bought me a tool belt, when I went over one day, I got out of my grandpa's car and there it was, sitting by the front door. I was so happy.

I remember when I got cut and bruised during the week; she would put Neosporin on my cuts and bruises, and put bandages on them. I loved grandma. When she heard an ambulance go by, she would be sad and sound out, ts ts ts ts. She knew someone was hurt.

When my grandpa came home from playing cards or golfing, I would hide under the kitchen table. When he came in I would jump out and scare him. As I got older I found out something that was so fucked up, my grandpa used to be an alcoholic as well.

He would come home a beat the shit out of my grandma.

When I was little he stopped drinking. He took me fishing and golfing, I didn't know at the time, that he beat her. When he came home drunk, guess where my grandma was hiding? She hid under the kitchen table. The same place I used to jump out and scare my grandpa, I bet my grandma was tickled every time I did it. My grandpa probably felt like shit every time I jumped out. Karma's a bitch.

I hated my grandpa. He bought my brother a Fastback Ford Mustang when he turned 18, when it was my turn he gave me his old Chevy Capris Classic. I hated it. One day he wanted me to come over and pull a bush out of the yard, I didn't. I forgot. He disowned me after that. I didn't care.

On his death bed he wanted to see me, I went. Then when he died he left us some money. I gave it to moms. I didn't want it. That was after my grandma died, she had

cancer behind her heart. My grandpa put her in a home. She started to get Alzheimer Disease, she forgot everyone. I used to go see her. I rode my bicycle to the home. I went to her room and sat there and held her hand, when I said, “Grandma, it’s Tony.” she would squeeze my finger tight. I knew she was already in heaven though. See, when they are old and have Alzheimer they don’t forget, their spirits gone already, only their host is still alive. She was that strong. (Lots of Peanut-butter.) Make the memories stick.

A friend’s love is peachy and all that, but I don’t trust them. I had some bad experiences. So I tend to be a loner. I made friends after high school, like my best friend I met out on the lake, but one day he pushed my daughter on the ground, because she was being a little brat to his kid. He shouldn’t have pushed her. I got pissed and took off. I forgave him after a week.

The friends I did make were all pot smokers. I made the money, they got high

for free. Not all the time, just all the time. That is why I spent so much on our habit. I didn't care about getting my best friend high, but when I would be sleeping, he would be at my window knocking.

So when it comes to friends, I don't need them. They'll just piss me off somehow, but I do have a couple of friends. One of them is my daughter's mother. She's cool now, after I got over her. It took me like a year though, but I consider her a good friend.

I loved my childhood. I would go back and do it all over again. Like I said in an earlier chapter, I think we are molded by are childhood. It's our memories we accumulated. It's what we went through. It's what we have done. It's the events that had happened. If my parents were any different, I would have never become me. Yes, I hated life and everyone in it, because of the yelling and fighting my parents did, but they still loved me. It's the way my grandma treated me, with affection. It's the love I did have, that I needed. Yes, I went through the

bad stuff, but I also have good memories; memories that I will cherish forever. What kid can say he lived in a nudist camp or fly an airplane?

I went to Pismo beach for a family reunion, when I was a kid. We did lots of things that were good. I am not saying my life was bad; it was unique. I learned so much from the bad stuff, which had happened. Like the drugs and the fighting, the bullet, the dead body, and the accident I was in. I turned it around as I got older.

When my daughter was born, I treated her like my grandma treated me, with affection and love. I had my addictions, but I never did it around my daughter. She is twenty-seven right now. She doesn't do no drugs or drink alcohol. She experimented as a youth, but she doesn't like her mind altered. It's awesome, because I don't have to worry about her. She is a good mom and she takes care of two children. I must of did something right. I think it was the love I gave her, speaking of my daughter how

come she didn’t get mentioned in this chapter of love? I think she deserves her own chapter.

Chapter 7

"I thought you couldn't get pregnant."

Yup, that's what I told her mom. She told me that she had cysts in her ovaries, she couldn't have babies. She was with her ex-boyfriend for years and didn't get pregnant. So I guess my daughter's a miracle baby like me, because my mother was on birth control when I was conceived, we were not planned nor expected, but here we are. After my daughter was born, my daughter's mom Kimberly had three more kids. So I guess her ex was shooting blanks.

I met Kimberly at my sister's house. My brother in-law sold weed at the time. Well, Kimberly's ex-boyfriend smoked weed. So

they used to come over and purchase the product. The first time she saw me, I was hanging out with some friends by the fire. They had a 50 gallon drum; they had fires every weekend and drank beer. I really didn't drink a lot, but I did occasionally. She was with her ex at the time, but when she saw me with a Raider's jacket on and a beanie on my head, she fell in love.

She asked my sister in private and said, "Who is that guy in the Raider's jacket?" my sister said, "My brother."

She had found a way to come to my sister's house all the time, playing Yahtzee was the excuse. She was breaking up with her boyfriend; she fell out of love with him, so we hooked up. Kimberly had another child; he was five years old when I met her. His name is Stephen; I know when you accept a woman, you accept her children. I was happy about it. He was a cool kid. The child wasn't her ex's; she had him before her ex. So together we were, it wasn't long, before I heard them unexpected words, "I'm

pregnant." I was shocked. I didn't know what to say, Am I ready to take on the greatest responsibility in the world? I was only 21 years old, I was still young, but I was happy. She was going to be a part of me.

My daughter was born August 15, 1996 at Phoenix Memorial Hospital. I videotaped her birth, it was so hard. I had tears in my eyes. I had one eye in the camera and one eye on the baby. It was the greatest thing I ever saw, my baby being born; it was also the best thing that ever happened to me. God gave me life, I didn't think I deserved it, but I guess God has a plan for everything.

I wasn't there when they did her birth certificate; I had to go to work. The nurse asked Kim for the baby's name. Kim said, Amie Lyn Marie Willis Watsula, and the nurse put Watsuta. So that was her last name, she still hasn't changed it.

We let Stephen name her. He just watched the movie Congo; it was about a

talking gorilla named Amie. The ape had this thing on her arm, and when she used sign language, words spoke. The movie was about a diamond mine, with these nasty gorillas protecting it, so they brought Amie with them, so she might communicate with the monster apes. It was an alright movie. Amie hates being named after a gorilla.

Amie was healthy, thank God. I was so scared to hold her, she was so little, so brittle and soft, like Ultra-Charmin tissue. I had to warm up my hands, before I held her, because the first time I held her, my hands were cold, and she twitched a little, so the next time I got my hands warm. The feeling when you're holding a baby is a wonderful feeling, I'll never forget it.

When she got pregnant I was living with my sister. Kim moved in the apartment down from us, then after a while we moved in together, we got our own apartment.

I went to leave for work one day. Kimberly was on the second balcony of the

apartment and said, “If you catch my spit, I’ll know you love me.” So she spit and I caught it in my mouth, I spit it out faster than it went in, it was gross, but I loved her.

We moved around a few times, we wanted a better neighborhood, with a better school, so we moved into one, plus it was at Kim’s sister’s apartments. While we were living at the apartment, I had gone to the store one day to get ice-cream for me and Stephen. When I came back I saw a fire truck and a cop car, in front of my apartment. In my mind I was like, No, No, No. My daughter was in the tub and she had choked on a Cheerio. Kim couldn’t get it out, and our kid was turning blue, so she called 911. On their way the Cheerio finally dissolved. She was okay after that, they still did vitals on her. It was really scary, to see them there. No more Cheerio’s for her. Waking up at midnight and going to the all-night Walgreens was fun. Getting, Pedialyte, Formula, and baby Tylenol.

I had the baby and little Stephen. I was so happy, until me and Kim started fighting more and more. This was the first relationship I was in. I had girlfriends growing up, but I didn't have a baby.

I was a little jealous and insecure. She would go out with her friend that slept with every guy in the neighborhood. I should have trusted Kim, but I was scared she was going to sleep with another man. I understand why it bothered her now. That is the main reason why most couple's break-up, is because of insecurities.

Our fighting was getting worse, her mom stayed with us awhile, it was only a two-bedroom apartment. It was three adults and two kids living there. I told her, "It's either me or your mom." She picked her mom, and then one day she told me, "I love you, but I'm not in love with you." That was mean. What got me though, is she said that she missed her ex-boyfriend.

That tipped the scale. I was out. When Kim, and her mom was out one day. I packed my stuff up, called my mom, and told her to bring Uncle Steve; he was going to drive my other car. I had a Dodge Spirit, and a Plymouth Satellite. It looked like a Plymouth Roadrunner. I bought it for six hundred dollars. She loved that car. She had her mom's van. I wasn't about to leave her the car. I didn't want to leave, but I didn't want all the fighting, especially around the kids, like my parents did. She had her mom to help take care of the kids, plus she had a vehicle. If she didn't have one I would have left her the Dodge, it was newer.

I moved in with moms. I had to clean all of her junk out of the spare bedroom. There was so much stuff; it took me like three days.

After I got settled in, I started having second thoughts, about leaving her. She would tell you, that she kicked me out, but I left. I wanted her back after 3 days, and she wouldn't allow it. We got together a couple

times after we broke up, but it was pretty much over, I cried like a baby for about a year.

I missed being with my kid every day. I kind of acted like a psycho for a while. I called over there one time and her friend sounded like a guy, so I raced over there and wanted to see what was up, I looked around the apartment. Found nobody and punched a hole in the wall, I was pretty bad. I still loved her, and she fucked with my head.

She moved and didn't tell me where she moved at, little Stephen came through and said, "3 fountains." He didn't know what the address was, but he knew there were 3 fountains in front of their new apartments. I drove around on the Westside of town, looking for 3 fountains. I almost found it, I was right down the street from it, but I gave up.

After I finally gave up my love for her, she let me over; I was still trippin a little. She called me on the phone one night and

told me if I didn't come over and give it to her, she was going to find someone else. She was drunk, so I took my bosses truck and took her behind a building.

The next day my boss looked at the mileage, and said, "Did you drive my truck around?" I couldn't lie, I told him the truth, and he looked at me with an expression on his face and said, "Did you do it in the truck?" I just laughed; I couldn't keep a straight face.

I finally got over my baby's mamma. It was hard to do, but I did it. That's when she moved to my mom's house, she didn't have a place to stay, so guess where she came? Yup, my house. We were together for about five days, then she pissed me off, my mom and her ganged up on me, so I went a little crazy, they called the police. While she was on the phone, I started to take off, she told the police, "He's walking away." I turned around and got my skateboard, and then she told the cops, "He's on his skateboard." Then I turned around and got my bicycle,

then she told the cops, “He’s on his bike.” I took off, and they got me down the street. I told the cop what was going on. He let me ride my bike back to the house. My mom and Kim came out, and the cop started yelling at them. It was so funny. She moved out, with her friend after that. I was pissed off at moms. Now Kim and I are cool.

Well, back to the beginning of the break-up. I took my baby almost every weekend. I paid Kim two hundred dollars monthly in cash, until we went to court, then the courts wanted me to pay all the back time, Kim had to go down to Child Support and tell them that I paid her every month. They wanted receipts. They hated my ass. We got it to where I didn’t have to pay back time.

I had the diaper bag, baby wipes, bottles, formula, her swimsuit, and extra sets of clothes. I was a single father, at 23.

I loved being a single father, it made me feel like I had a responsibility to uphold, and I did. When she was a baby, she looked like

Tweedy Bird. My best friend's dad had a company by the Arizona State Fair Grounds. We used to park cars in his lot, when the Fair was in town. They would get like five dollars per parking space a day, and then at night those parking spaces went up to twenty dollars. Well, we were just chillaxing in the warehouse, with the doors open. There was this couple who had a big Tweedy Bird stuffed animal. I yelled at them and said, "I'll give you twenty bucks for that Tweedy Bird." They sold it to me. The next weekend my daughter came over, it was bigger than her at the time. She loved it.

When Stephen didn't go to his dad's house, he wanted to come over to mine. So sometimes I had two kids. My boss always wanted me to work on the weekends, I said, "Hell no, I got my kid this weekend."

I was doing tile at the time. I started tile work after I worked at McDonald's. I have 11 years of tile experience. I worked my ass off. I started as a helper, and then I started my own Sub-Contracting business, doing

pool-tile. I had my own truck and tools. I was making about 1,000 dollars a week, working only a couple hours a day. I got paid piecework. I made like 300 dollars a pool, sometimes more depending on how big the pool was. Most of the money went towards my addiction, but I still paid my child support and took her during summer and on the weekends.

When I was a Sub-Contractor I had to pay more child support money. I was paying four-hundred and seventeen dollars a month. I was doing really well, until I went crazy. I had to quit my job, because I was too tired and I had a lot of anxiety, because of the medication, but I still picked up Amie.

After I went crazy, my mom took me down to the Social Security office to apply for Social Security benefits. I got approved. They paid me 1,200 a month. Amie started getting about 700 dollars a month. After I proved I was getting S.S.D.I... The child support office treated me like shit. I went down there with my kid and they said, “Her

mom has to come down here Sir." They didn't want anything to do with me. So we bounced out of there, then we went to a big fish store.

We were so close. We did everything together. I took her ice skating, movies, Blockbuster's, zoos, fishing, camping, skate parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, fairs, amusement parks, jungle gyms, Peter Piper Pizza, and game stores. She remembers everything. I made her forts in the living room; it had her PlayStation 2 and the TV in it. It had her plastic dishes, her dolls; she had her little chairs in it also. She slept in it at night.

One of her favorite movies is the Labyrinth, with David Bowie. We had a horse trough in the backyard, it was our swimming pool. There was a camper shell in the back yard, we played house in.

I bought her a trampoline one year, and the best thing ever, was her car seat swing. She loved that one. I had tied her old car

seat to a rope and tied it to the tree, I spun her around so fast, and she never got sick. One time I put Stephen in it; he got sick and threw up in a shoe-box that was in my truck. There was a time where Amie ran in the house crying and said, “A fly flew in my eye.” Then one day she came running in and said, “A bee is chasing after me.” Later on in life I came up with a song.

There once was a fly

That flew in my eye

That little oh, fly

He made me cry

There once was a bee

That flew from a tree

That little oh, bee

He tried to sting me

Oh, why is the fly

Oh, why is the bee

Why are they both

Picking on me?

What did I do

That's so so wrong?

Why do I keep on

Singing this song?

There once was a fly

That flew in my eye

That little oh, fly

He made me cry

Kim had another daughter after Amie, when she got older, Adrianna came over as well. All the kids in my neighborhood wanted to come over and play. So I had lots of kids. I bought everyone lunch and ice-cream from the ice-cream truck. My daughter hardly had sugar over at my house, caffeine as well; she used to drink a cup of coffee with French vanilla with my mom, but only a cup.

Sugar plus kids equal terror. I know from experience, I was a wild child on sugar. She had no soda; it was always Capri-Suns. I didn't know at the time, that it had about as much sugar as the soda, but it had no caffeine in it.

When kids have a lot of energy, you got to spend time with them, like twirling around in the front yard, jump on the trampoline with them. Chase them around, take them to the park and let them run around, play in the sprinklers. Make them burn all that energy off, then they would fall asleep, then you could relax yourself.

She was a very good child, I never had to spank her, I am a firm believer in a light spanking, just a tap. My daughter doesn't remember any spankings or me yelling at her, I had my tricks. It's called reverse psychology.

One time we went to the game store. She wanted a video game that was forty-dollars and I only had twenty-five dollars with me,

twenty for gas and five for two video games, the game store had two for five dollars. She wanted a forty dollar game, and I said, “No, we can’t afford it.” I had to teach her about money then. If I don’t have enough money, I can’t get it. She started crying anyways.

Then one day we were at the fair. There was this guy selling fake worms, it had a really small string that was attached to the soft worm, and the guy was slithering around the snake like it was magic, he slid it through his fingers, he dropped it in a cup and made it come out. She thought it was so cool, it was ten dollars, and she wanted it. I said, “No,” and she cried, I didn’t want her crying in front of everybody, so I bought it for her, that wasn’t reverse psychology that was plain old, (If I cry, he will buy trick.) I had to learn to stand firm, and say no is no.

When we went grocery shopping, the cereal aisle is across from the toy section. Good job, whoever had that idea. Well, when we got down to the aisle, I had her close her eyes, she said, “Why?” I told her,

“It’s a surprise.” We took off down the cereal aisle and I grabbed the cereal, and then I turned the corner and had her open her eyes, I held the cereal box up and said, “Here is your surprise.” It worked. She had enough toys at home.

Where did I learn all of this? I have no clue, but it worked. When I was little my dad said, “We are going fishing.” I got so happy. I took my fishing rod and tied a nut on it. Then I went to the vacant lot next door and started practicing my casting. Later on that day my dad was drunk, we didn’t go fishing. I was sad. Alcohol is a terrible disease; I didn’t know that at the time, I just hated my dad.

Amie loves fishing, so when it was time to go, I had put everything in the truck, the ice chest, fishing poles, tackle boxes, chairs, sunscreen, and everything else we needed, then I would go get my kid and dog and say, “We are leaving.” She replied back and said, “Where are we going?” I didn’t say anything, I just said, “Let’s go.” We jumped

in the truck and when she seen all the stuff, her eyes lit up and screamed, “We are going fishing.” I guess my dad taught me a lesson. When you say you’re going to take your kid somewhere, you must come through, if not they tend to be rebellious when they’re older. I was so rebellious; after I got older

I started learning life pretty early. I guess I taught myself growing up; nobody was there to teach me except for my stepfather. I either learned lessons the hard way or watched people go through them. I took my bad experiences and turned them around. I knew how it felt. So I didn’t want my kid going through the same thing I had gone through in life. I hardly went places, so I made sure my daughter did, even though I messed up a couple of times, and was pretty mean.

We were at my brother’s house, watching scary movies. Amie loves scary movies. Not like those psychopathic movies, like Jason or Freddy, Just ghost and monster movies. She never had nightmares about them. We

were watching the movie. She was sitting on the couch, and it was dark, with surround sound. Well, she was crying, but still watching the movie, I felt so bad. She said later that she had something in her eye. She was so brave.

Then one time we went to the Phoenix Zoo. There was a cave that had all the snakes in it, and then when you come out of it, you could go across into the nocturnal cave, where the bats and scorpions were.

There were these big roaches in an aquarium. I said, “Amie, look at these roaches.” I turned around and she was gone. I freaked out and took off out the cave, and then I ran in the snake cave, she wasn’t there. I ran outside of the caged area, she wasn’t there, I came back in the snake area and she was coming up the middle. She wasn’t crying, but when she saw me, she started to cry and said, “You left me.” I felt so bad.

I took her to the movies one day to see a movie for kids. When we were done, we were walking out. There was another movie playing, it was, The Hills Have Eyes. We walked into the movie and she was hooked on it, then I snuck backwards and left the movie and was looking through the crack, she noticed I was gone, and she bolted to the door. She was mad.

One time I didn't have no money, so we went to a big fish store, we walked around and saw the fish and animals. There was a pond with fish in it; I gave her fifty cents to get some pellets from the candy machine. She said, "Dad, if you turn it to the end and keep turning, the pellets will keep coming." I looked at her and taught her a life lesson and said, "Amie, that's stealing." So she fed the fish, then we left. As we were leaving, she was by the front door and someone opened the door really fast and she almost got hit with the door.

She remembers all of it, everything I wrote, and she even reminded me of a few

things. She loved ice-skating, the hot coco and the ice. I took her almost every weekend, until tragedy struck.

Chapter 8

Tragedy Strikes

I really don't want to write this chapter, but it's a big part of my life. On February 17, 2007, I took the life of my 76 year old neighbor lady. I had a breakdown and went manic, for the third time. I was living alone and just moved out of my mother's house. I remember that day vaguely, but I remember the days, that led up to it.

My mother knows the signs and symptoms of Bi-Polar. She was able to get me help the first two times I went manic, she wasn't there the third time. At that time I didn't know anything about my mental illness. I didn't know my triggers, warning

signs, red flags or my symptoms. I was never educated on them. I didn't know if you got off your medication, you might decompensate, well, that's what I did.

My mom started selling drugs again, this time it was marijuana and methamphetamine. My mom was getting a little too loose and started letting anybody come over to buy. People would come over and bring stolen tools, VCR's and TV's. My mom would buy everything. It was like a pawnshop, but my mother paid them in drugs. Then the stupid dope fiends would come back and steal the stuff and resell it to my mother again.

I used to get up in the middle of the night and all the lights would be on. The bathroom light, the hall light, my mother's bedroom light, the living room light, the kitchen light, the back two bedrooms, the back porch light, the shed light and the little flood light would be on in our backyard. I tell you now that you could see my mother's house from space.

Well, one day I went camping with my friend. I had locked my door, but it can easily be broken into. I came back from camping and found my bedroom door open and my bed unmade. Someone had used my room. I was pretty pissed off about it. I looked around to see if anything was gone, there wasn't, but when I looked in my closet, there was my daughter's dress all wadded up in a ball. I thought it was just dirty; I keep the dirty clothes in a hamper in my closet, but this dress was out of the hamper. I opened the dress and found it all stuck together with semen. I threw the dress in the garbage and quickly washed my hands. I was so sick to my stomach. I didn't even mention it to my mother.

I was so sick of living there anyways, plus, I didn't want my daughter to be in that environment anymore, so I packed up a duffle bag worth of clothes and went to stay at my sister's house.

It was December of 2006. I stayed there a month, while I waited for my Social

Security check. While at my sister's house, I was looking for an apartment that I could afford. One of my friends told me that there was an apartment next to his, which was open, and ready, so I called his landlord. She agreed to let me move in.

My check came and I moved out on January 3rd of 2007. I been over there a couple of times before I moved in, I used to hang out at Jason's house and play video games and listen to music. I still had an addiction at that time. Even the lady came over to smoke with Jason, once in a while.

While at my sister's house I tried quitting drugs. I figured that was one of my problems. I didn't think I had a problem, paying my child support and everything else. I was a (controlled addict) I thought. I tried quitting sometime in January. I thought that had something to do with the incident as well, I thought I was going through withdraws, but I don't know.

I moved in with two dogs, my daughters and mine. I had a pit-bull, she had a mutt. January went by pretty fast, I remember it was cold; I had an electric portable heater that I took everywhere, when I was cooking, in the living room or in the bedroom. I had a gas heater, but never used it, gas heaters are dangerous. I didn't want the house to catch on fire, while I was sleeping.

My apartment was built like a house, they're called Bungalows. There were four on the property. Mine was across, from the lady's. Jason was beside me and the other apartment was across from Jason, it was vacant. The property was pretty big. I put our trampoline next to my apartment.

During the month of January, when my daughter came over, she would walk around the property with the lady. She was so nice; she caught my daughter a lizard from a tree.

While my daughter hung outside, I stuck my head out the window to watch her, while I was sticking my head out, one of the lady's

cats came up to me and sniffed my fingers, the lady told me, “That’s weird, that cat doesn’t go to anyone.” The cat’s name was Ocelot. It was beautiful. The lady had about seven cats; they all ran away after the incident.

January went by quick; early February is when I started to go manic. Living at my mom’s house was chaos, and very stressing. I thought the peace and quiet would bring me peace. It did, so I thought I didn’t need my medications no more. That was a bad mistake.

When I go manic or should I say when I’m about to go manic, there are signs, which I didn’t know at the time. Now, I know the signs, they are talking to self, radio talking to you, delusions, hearing voices, pacing back and forth, lots of energy, and having audio and visual hallucinations. I had them all, plus it’s a kind of a euphoria feeling. Like I said before, you think nothing’s wrong, but there is. It took a week

for me to go full blown manic. I started all the signs and symptoms.

One night I started talking like an old man. I would change from my voice to his. I was normal, and then I would sound like an old man.

I sat at my musical keyboard I had, I played music that was so beautiful, I swear it wasn't me. Jason was over at that moment; I wasn't too manic at that time, but he said, "You must be high." When he left, I started talking like an old man again, and pacing back and forth.

When I was pacing back and forth I said, "Do you want to know where we are at?" then I flipped the electric clock upside down, it read 11:32, well, my clock was off by two minutes, because 11:34 upside down reads hE:ll. Was it just an illusion? Did my mind see the clock and know it was about that time?

Then I took one blink of an eye, and I seen every sin all at the same time, I got so

scared, I hid under my bed. One blink and I saw everything. It was so scary.

A couple of days before it happened one of my friends stopped by, I had no dog food and I was out of my medication, he took me to Fry's food store down the street. I bought dog food and I got my prescription renewed. So I had a full bottle at the house, Later on my sister told me that I had the full bottle of medication, and that I wasn't taking them. I don't really know if I was or not.

The day before the incident, my brother's wife and dad came over to check on me. I locked the dogs in my bedroom, and showed them my house. Her excuse for coming over, was to bring back the Hooked on Phonics box. I hadn't seen that box, since I was a kid.

After the incident happened she swears that I was fine that day. I got a question, how in the hell did she know where I lived, when I didn't even know my address?

The next day the incident happened, I was pacing around talking like an old man, that's when I heard a voice say, "If you stay inside, it will be okay." It was a female's voice. That's when I started blacking out. I would wake up and I would be in a different place. I would catch myself talking like an old man, then to my voice. What I remember after that was running out my backdoor and jumping my little fence. I ran and jumped Jason's five-foot tall fence, like it was nothing. I missed every piece of dog shit. I ran in his house and picked up his cigarette box; it was empty. I looked at him, and then I ran out the back door and jumped his fence again, then I blacked out.

The next thing I remember was waking up and seeing the neighbor lying on the ground by the side of my house deceased, with a kitchen knife by her side.

I came to my senses and I screamed, then I ran to Jason's front door and knocked, he opened and I pointed at the body, and said, "Call the police." I didn't run; I started

blacking out again, when I woke up. I was sitting outside on a railroad tie. It was in my front yard. I was rocking back and forth, the first policeman showed up, and yelled, “What did you do?”

I blacked out again. When I opened my eyes again, I was hog tied in the street, that’s when I heard another voice, it told me, “Who do you love the most?” In my mind I thought about my kid, she stayed at her mom’s house that weekend, thank God. I heard a final voice, it said, “Who’s smarter, then who?” in my mind I was like what the hell? It was really weird. I blacked out again.

The next time I woke up, I was in the ambulance. All I remember is that I looked at my bloody hands that were all cut up, from the knife I used. And said in an old man’s voice, “Every thousand years, mother Theresa must die and I still can’t get it right.” Her real name was Theresa. I didn’t want to mention her name, because every time I see it, I feel like shit.

I blacked out again. I woke up in a hospital; I was handcuffed to the bed. I saw a doctor looking at my hands, and then I looked at an officer that was standing behind me. His name-tag said (Houdini) as I looked at my cuffs.

After that I blacked out again. The next time I woke up, they were wheeling me in another room; it had a sink in the floor. I think they were going to cut my fingers off, they were so cut up. That's when I opened my eyes and said, "Shiebe, they can fix your hand." Shiebe is the name of my stepfather. He got shot in his hand one day at work; they had to put pins in his hand. He got shot back in the 80's. I don't know why I said it, I just did.

They carded me back out of the room. I blacked out again; I woke up and heard beeping, I couldn't open my eyes. I was so doped up, but I managed to lift my eye lids a little and I saw two beautiful ladies exit the room, and then I closed my eyes again. I don't know how long I was out, but when

awoke, I heard someone talking. I really don't remember actually saying this, but I asked them, "Where am I?" they told me, "Good Samaritan Hospital." The hospital I was born at. I was born there September 12, 1974. It was the new Hospital. I was born at the old Hospital that is right next to it. I blacked out again, the next time I woke up I was in the down town jail, lying on the floor.

Chapter 9

Incarceration

I was lying on the floor in a fetal position. I opened my eyes and I looked up at the window. I saw two correctional officers staring down at me. I was in a little room, with just a sink, toilet and a concrete bench. I guess it was processing. I was in stripes and pink boxers. I was at the Maricopa County jail. The sheriff was Joe Arpaio, the worst sheriff in America, and I was under his command.

I blacked out again. I don't know how many times I blacked out that night. I kept waking up periodically, and then blacking out again. When I opened my eyes, I was

walking down the hallway. I noticed I was holding the correctional officer's hand, while walking like a monkey.

I blacked out again. The next time I popped back into reality, I was in a pod with the other inmates; everyone was locked down at the time, Except for me, I was playing monkey on the table. I was jumping off the table, then back on, then back off again. My mind could have been playing tricks on me again, but I know I was acting like a monkey.

While I was jumping around, there was an inmate in one of the cells. He was knocking on his window trying to get my attention. I looked at him, and he pointed down at the floor, it was a piece of paper.

There was another inmate diagonally from him. He was waving me over. I walked over and picked up the paper. It had something in it, so I started to open it. It was a pill. As I was looking at it, an officer walked by, and I handed the paper with the

pill in it to him, then I heard, “You’re dead.” coming from the inmate that had the paper with the pill. All I got to say about this incident is. You don’t give mail to a monkey and expect it to be delivered.

I blacked out again. The next time I woke up, I noticed I was on the floor, telling a person to smash my head. He was laughing at me. I blacked out again. I really don’t like calling a human being an inmate or a prisoner; it just doesn’t feel right to me.

The next time I woke up, I started to remember what I did and where I was at. I was in a cell, not the same cell were the kid was laughing at me; it was another pod, another cell. I was lying on the top bunk. I looked around and realized the situation. I looked at my hands, they were wrapped in cloth. I just thought to myself. What have I done? I started to cry, I had just lost everything, and what about Amie? I was scared and I didn’t know what to do. My socks, my shoes, my towel, my blanket and

my paperwork were gone. The only thing I had was my stripes and pink boxers.

The first thing I did was unwrapped my hands. My cellmate asked me if he could see, I continued to unwrap. My hands were all cut up. My right hand was the worst. I had stitches everywhere, my cellmate asked what happen, I said, “I don’t know.” I didn’t want to start telling everybody, because I knew the story would get around, I knew it had reached the paper and probably the news. I just murdered someone. I knew it wasn’t going to go unnoticed. So I told him that I didn’t know and I fell back to sleep.

The next couple of days were foggy. All I was thinking about was my daughter. What is she going to think of me now? I wanted my mother, and I wanted to hold my kid. I laid there thinking about the event. A thousand questions were going through my mind. I finally got up; I had to go to the restroom.

The concrete floor was cold. After I was done, I turned around and headed towards the door. I looked out, and someone pointed at my feet, and said, “Better watch it; you’ll get a staph infection.” While I was still at the door, the same guy came back with these big shower shoes; I wear size twelve, so they must have been fourteens. I said thank you.

Dinner came and I wasn’t hungry, my stomach was so tight. I gave my cellmate my dinner and crawled back into bed. I started to cry. While I was crying and thinking about everything all at once, the detention officer came and got me for medical, they wanted to check my hands that were still unwrapped.

They put me in a room with a couple of inmates. In my mind, I thought about the incident with the paper with the pill in it, and remembered what the inmate said, I was nervous.

I was pulled to see the doctor, and one of the officers saw my hands and told the other officer, “That’s what happens, when you slide your hand down the blade.” I just thought; make me feel worse then I already do. They looked at my hands. The only thing they did was wrap them up again, and told me to keep them wrapped.

I made it back to my cell, without getting beaten. The next day I had to go to video court. I was in a big cell, with about thirty people.

I know I am guilty, but I had to plea, not guilty, when I saw the judge on a video screen. The process didn’t make any sense. I was guilty, why did I have to plea, not guilty. I tell you the system is systematically flawed. After I made it back to my cell in one piece, I stayed in my cell most of the time that week. I only came out to take a shower, get my laundry and medication.

In jail you’re only supposed to hang out with your own kind. If you’re a white boy,

then you hang out with whites only. I didn't know this at the time. Mom raised us not to be racist, but in there, you got to hang out with your own. So like in school; I was a loner. I didn't really talk to nobody. There was this one kid, who said he ate mother Theresa and fed the rest of her to the hogs. I just thought in my mind, why are people so happy, when they're going to face prison time. I guess you must make the best out of the situation. I was truly upset.

I received a couple of video visits in one day. I don't know who came and visited me first, my clinical team or my best friend. My clinical team was my doctor and social worker. I didn't want to talk, I just said, "Ask Debra, I'm a good person." Debra was a nurse who worked at the clinic, she was a nice lady. The next visitor was my best friend Shelby. He asked me if I was okay. I started to cry and said, "How is Jason?" I don't remember what I said after that. Shelby told me he had put money on my books. I said, "Thank you."

Another week went by, and I got my store. A young kid ran in my cell and said, “They want your store,” The white boys did. I told him to get out of my cell. I guess when you have store; you have to break off a couple of things for the other white boys. Nobody ever talked to me, so why should I break off some of my store? If I made friends with a couple of people, I would have no problem helping them out, but the head of the whites called me a freak. So I wasn’t giving anything away. I started yelling, “You aren’t getting my store.” One guy, he was white. He put his finger to his lips and said, “Shhhh.” I didn’t care; they were not getting my store.

The head of the whites came in. I couldn’t fight, because my hands. So I banged my head on the wall and said, “You aren’t getting my store.” He took a piece of toilet paper and put it on my head and said, “You’re bleeding.” At that time the detention officers walked by and saw the

event. They rolled me up, and I moved to another pod.

While I was in the new pod I had another video visit; it was my sister and my daughter. As soon as we both looked at each other, we started to cry. I felt so bad; she was just ten years old. What am I going to say to her? I couldn't speak; I just cried and looked at her.

I finally calmed down and said, "I love you." She started crying even more. I just wanted to reach out and grab her, and hold on to her forever. She is the one person who gave me life; when I had none. My sister got on the phone and said, "Tony, it wasn't you." I cried even more. She gave the phone back to Amie. I just said that everything's going to be alright, and that I loved her so much. I didn't want to leave her, but there was another visit after me, so I had to leave.

I had problems in that pod also. I had this kid for a cellmate, he was cool at first, and then he started passing gas, from all the

peanut butter he ate. He went around and ate everyone's leftovers. The kid was skinny, but he was always hungry. I told him please to sit and flush the toilet.

The suction of the toilet, sucks most of the smell down, so when you take a shit, you must flush as you go. It's out of respect. He kept on passing gas, and I kept telling him please. So we started arguing.

We were locked in the room at the time. The head of the whites in that pod came up to the cell, because he heard us fighting. The kid told him; "Can I kick his ass?" The head told him to go ahead. I was ready to roll up into a ball, I didn't want to fight, so I deescalated the problem, by talking. When the detention officer walked by, I told him, "Can I roll up, and move." I grabbed my stuff and rolled out.

While I was out in the hallway, the officer said, "What happened?" the only thing I said was, "Is there any place I could go, where I'm not going to get fucked with?" He

replied back and told me, “Segregation.” It was Protective Custody or P.C. He didn’t tell me what P.C. was.

They say P.C. is where the worst of the worst go, rapist and child molesters and people who did awful crimes.

Since I’m on the topic of rapist and child molesters, I would like to say a few things. I don’t know if you have children or might be having them, but let’s say you have a daughter, and she gets brutally raped by a rapist. Not only does it take her innocence away, but she ends up getting pregnant by force. Now, let me ask you a question, would you let her have the baby? I’m not going to judge you, but a lot of people are.

Now, if she gets pregnant on her own, if she was a knuckle head and gets herself pregnant and she didn’t use protection, she should have the kid, if she doesn’t want the child, too bad, her mistake her responsibility. Now, if she can’t afford a child and knows the child will grow up poor

or with nothing, then consider adoption. Let the mother and/or FATHER keep in touch with the kid, if they want. I think the father has a say in the situation, if he can take care of the baby, let him have the baby. I'm pretty sure there are grandmas and grandpas, which would be willing to take on the responsibility.

There are ways of communication, video chats, in person, or by phone. I would want to know how the baby's doing, even if they move far away, have the adoptees keep in touch. I would want to know who my real parents are, my background and my heritage. We should be more concerned more about the rapist and getting him locked up, rather than worrying about abortions, but that is just my opinion. Don't take it from me.

Now, on to the child molestation's, it's by law in America, that a woman turns of age when she is eighteen. They say true love is hard to find, especially when he is eighteen and she is sixteen, that's just my thought, I

tell you now, age does make a difference. If he is twenty-five and she is sixteen, he should know that she is too young, and leaves her alone, if he persists, put him in the rapist category.

I saw a lot of kids in jail that were eighteen, and the girl's parents get them arrested, because their daughter spreads her legs for them. Consent is what I'm worried about, if she was drinking, with no consent, then arrest him, and put him with the rapist.

Well, back to misery, they moved me to another jail called Towers. The cells were little, with three bunks to it. They put me in a cell by myself for twenty-four hours, and then they moved me in a regular cell, with two other people. I guess my crime was in the newspaper, because when I was walking to my new cell, I heard the word butcher coming from another cell. I almost started crying again, because now I am labeled a murderer and a freak.

When you're in P.C. you are locked down twenty-three hours a day, you only get out an hour for showers, which was fine with me. I hated General Population, because I didn't like crowds. Plus, I was still scared of the pill incident. I felt safer, and more comfortable. I knew I was going to be locked up for a while. I had to go through trial, which was a pain in the ass. Once a month you see a judge for two minutes and all they say is, "Will convene in one month." Like I said before, the systems flawed.

Being locked down for twenty-three hours a day, gives you lots of time to think, read, write and pray. I did all of it. I still cried a lot, plus I still didn't know what I was going to go through. This was the first time being arrested. I have a history of mental illness, but I have no criminal history, except for a couple of traffic tickets. I went to a couple of traffic schools, to get the tickets off my driving record. I had no clue my first offense would be a tragedy.

I had lots of time to reflect on what happened that night. I got a copy of the police report. The police report said I was combative. I would be calm for a couple of minutes, and then I would start to yell words that were unintelligible. My emotion conditional; was irrational. Speech manner: Bad Grammar. It states that I was profane / abusive. I was very confused, and I was talking about God and aliens. I had lacerations on my left and right hand. Phoenix Fire Rescue took me to Maricopa County Medical Center. The report doesn't say that I was taken to another hospital; I don't know where I had surgery on my hands.

I had so many unanswered questions, like why was I talking like an old man? How can my mind and body move without having any consciousness? I never had a split personality problem. Why was I talking about aliens and God? It's like it wasn't me, but here I am. I never heard anymore voices or talked like an old man since. I can't even

reenact his voice, no matter how hard I try. It was like there were certain entities working. It was me, the old man, the voices and aliens.

I came up with this story. It should have been in delusional thinking, but now is a good time to talk about it. What if I told you, that aliens get around the universe through light, they travel from their planet to ours in seconds, driven by our sun. They see a sun and can travel to it. They have been here since the beginning of time. Some say they are the watchers, I say that they are dragons. Some of them are good and some are evil. Let's say that the evil ones enter the body. We are their vessel. They take over our body and do terrible things that we can't remember. Then poof, they leave our body at the scene of a crime. All for balance or maybe fun, who knows?

Well, my delusional mind came up with that scenario after the incident. What if they are trying to take over the world? They could be anyone and everywhere. The point

is you don't know. So that is my delusional mind for you. Like I said before, "If they say I'm crazy, then I must be insane."

So now I sit in jail, thinking of this crazy bullshit, I guess I'm trying to find someone or something to blame, because it wasn't me. Maybe Bi-Polar people are victims themselves, when they do something and can't remember it. Nobody likes crazy people, so the aliens/people lock them up. They can't control us, so they lock us away.

I wrote a poem to my father and told him what jail was like, I'll write it down, it's called Dear Father.

Dear Father:

Hey there father, how are you? Me, I'm just having these jail house blues, can't have a radio, or a smoke. Man, this sheriff's really a joke. Canteens too expensive and the water's cold, but at least the jail gives us free bars of soap. Cells are too crowded, got three people in each, can't take a shit or sometimes sleep. There's no heat in the

winter and no air for the summer, this shit sucks, it's really a bummer. Visitation sucks, I got to see through glass. I wish these people can just kiss my ass. Got one hand in the cuff, and one hand on the phone, this place sucks, I want to go home. Going to court is a fake, waking up at midnight, with a flashlight in your face, then got to sit in a dirty cell. Got roaches on the wall and it really smells. We got to be there for about six hours, before going to the judge who abuses their power. I know I am guilty for all of my crimes, but it shouldn't be like this all of the time, innocent until proven guilty, that's what they say, but those God damn people, treat us like slaves. Food here is terrible, smells like feet, taste like dog food, and got nothing to drink. You can't send letters, only postcards, got a two-inch pencil, writings so hard. Stamps are too expensive. Collect calls are a bitch, what do these people think I'm rich? They treat us like animals that are locked up in pens; I only get out too see my family and friends. It sucks being locked down for twenty-three hours,

only to get out an hour for showers. At least we get library once a month, can't pick what we read and most of its junk. Oh' I must tell you, raids are so fun, coming inside with their mace and guns, strip down naked, so they can look in your ass, and if you refuse, you're going to get gassed. The correctional officers I really hate, coming in the cell and ripping up the place. Had a toothache, for about two months, had to pull it myself, because my gums were lump. My cellmate's foot really hurts, I think it's infected, I think its gangrene, but he got rejected. Indigent packages are really great; get a postcard and pencil, a toothbrush and toothpaste. Oh' thanks for putting money on my books, but the jail took it, those fucking crooks, they said it was a bill, because they gave me some pills. Whenever you're sick, they want you to suffer, but what they don't know, is that they're making me tougher. Well, Dad, they just turned out the lights, now I can't see, so I guess it's goodnight. I hope everything's good with you. I love you so much, and miss you too. So take care pops,

give my love to mom, and tell her I'm sorry, for what I did wrong.

Your: Son

Jail was tough. I spent about two years a seven months going through trial. I went through two Return to Competency programs. I didn't know anything about the judicial system, so the tried teaching me what it was. I had a little knowledge, but I never been to court, so my lawyer wanted me to go through it. They found me competent and I continued trial.

Every month they picked us up at towers about twelve o'clock am. They went around and got the inmates who were on the docket for court in the morning. They rounded us up, and we we're cuffed. We had hand cuffs around our legs and wrists, with a chain that ran to both. We were cuffed the whole time.

After they cuffed us, we were taken to the old jail down town. They gave us a lunch bag and a juice. After that, they put us in the old day-room; it was a twenty by twenty

cell. There was like twenty-five of us in it. I tell you now there were thousands of roaches, they were crawling everywhere. They were coming out of the sewers, walking on the floor and walls; some were even on the ceiling. No backs were against the wall. Some sat at the tables, the rest on the floor. We had to roll toilet paper down, before we sat down. Some stood the whole time. It was gross, I wanted to puke.

Innocent until proven guilty, that's what they say, but those God damn people treated us like slaves. The poem I wrote was very accurate. We stayed there for about six hours, before seeing the judge. We had to walk through the tunnels, to get to the courthouse.

About six months later the sewer pipe had busted and the old jail was contaminated, but it was already contaminated. Thank God it busted. Now, we had to wait at the old Madison jail. It was a lot better. They put six to one cell, we were all crammed in the cell,

but at least we didn't have to share with the roaches.

After two years at towers, they moved P.C. to Lower Buckeye jail. It had air conditioning, and it was cold as hell in the cell. I loved it. When we got cold we stuffed wet toilet paper in the vent. I spent the last seven months there.

It was 09/04/2009, the verdict is in. My whole family showed up, my daughter was thirteen; she was just old enough to be in the courtroom. We were having a bench trial. It had no jury; it was just my lawyer, the judge and the prosecutor.

The judge looked at my lawyer and prosecutor and said, "Do you want to hear what I got to say, before we start the hearing?" I was so nervous, I was about to get sent to the Arizona State Hospital or prison. This was it. In my mind I was praying to God, to the Devil, and to anybody else who was listening. The prosecutor and my lawyer said yes, and then the judge said,

“It clearly outweighs itself, he is definitely G.E.I.” I started to cry.

As I cried the prosecutor stood up and said, “I want an appeal.” I stopped crying. I looked at my lawyer, then she looked at the judge, the judge looked at the prosecutor and said, “I don’t think there is an appeal in a G.E.I. case.” My lawyer grabbed a big book and looked it up, and then she said, “Nope, there is no appeal.” I started to ball. I know you’re not supposed to turn around and talk to your family, but I looked straight at my daughter and lipped, “I love you.” She started balling, then my mother started balling, shit my whole damn family started crying. I was going to the Arizona State Hospital. I was so relieved. The correctional officer felt bad, and walked me all the way back to Madison jail, there I was picked-up and sent to my jail. I cried all the way back. They gave me a sixteen year sentence.

As I was walking back to my cell, my neighbor said, “How did it go?” I told him, “Okay.” As soon as I got to my cell, my

cellmate looked at me and said, “You got it?” I told him, “Yes.” and he gave me a big hug and told me, “I told you.” I had no more tears left, so I started to dry cry.

I don’t know why, but I slept the next two and a half weeks. They were supposed to pick me up the next day, but the jail forgot about me. So I called my lawyer and said, “When am I going to the hospital?” she said, “You’re not there yet?” I said, “No.” she said, “I’ll make some phone calls.” She told me bye and she hung up. The next day I was at the Arizona State Hospital.

Chapter 10

The Arizona State Hospital

I was found Guilty Except Insane on 09/04/2009. I was initially admitted to the GEI program at the Arizona State Hospital on 9/22/09. I was adjudicated Guilty Except Insane for Count 1: Second Degree Murder, a class 1 Dangerous Felony, with a presumptive sentence of 16 years.

I got out of the van, still shackled in chains and in stripes. I had a clear plastic bag, with all my paper work in it, my poems, my pictures, my writings and all my postcards. I was nervous and happy at the same time. It was about noon; the sun was almost straight up. Once we got inside, the

correctional officers took off the chains. I felt so much lighter and relieved. I promised myself I would never be in chains again.

A security guard took me down a hallway. We stopped at a wooden door. I just thought to myself, no more steal doors. We walked into a little day-room. I was greeted with smiles. The guy had a pair of shower shoes, sweatpants, socks, underwear, and a colored shirt ready for me. I was getting ready for a hot shower. They had to delouse me, so he gave me my clothes and a bottle of delouse shampoo and pointed down the hall that had the showers.

I turned on the shower nob to hot. When the water was hot, I crashed in the water. After I was done washing, I sat on the floor in the shower and let the hot water pour on me. I was smiling and crying at the same time. I spent like an hour in the shower. When I was done, I put on the brand new clothes. I dried my shower shoes and put them on. I walked out of the shower room, and was greeted again.

A guy asked me if I was hungry, I said, “Yes sir.” He pointed at the table, which had a tray on it. It was food, real food. I lifted the lid and found chunks of chicken and pasta with sauce on top. I had a salad with Thousand Island dressing, and for a bonus; there was a piece of garlic bread. I was in heaven. I swear I looked at my food for about fifteen minutes before I took a bite. Usually I eat pretty fast, but that day, at that moment, I ate slowly.

After I was done, the gentleman showed me around; he introduced me to a couple of patients. The atmosphere was really comforting. The day-room had a big television. The back day-room had another television, with a PlayStation 3; they had a bookshelf with magazines and books. It felt kind of homey.

I got a question for you, what do you think of, when I say Insane Asylum? Do you think nurses in white gowns and straitjackets? Men dressed in uniforms and patients dressed in outfits? It wasn’t like that

at all. The workers, which are called hospital technicians or just techs, wore regular clothes, as patients. The techs had green lanyards; the nurses wore regular clothes with red lanyards and the doctors wore regular clothes with blue lanyards. Attached to the lanyards were badges. They all carried radios, in case there was another fight on another unit, they would be alerted and assist. An issue with a patient or a fight, they would call a Fred quick over the radio and say what unit they're on.

After the tech showed me around, he showed me to my room. I grabbed my plastic bag and followed him. The unit held about twenty patients. There were four beds per room; there was a dresser with four drawers in it. While he went to get clean linen, I unpacked my bag.

I still had the stripes with me, they didn't take them away. So I kept them. Later on I gave them to a tech and said, "I don't need these anymore." I kept the pink boxers as a memento.

The tech came in with some clean linen, that's when I asked him if there is a phone I could use, he said, "Follow me." He gave me the phone times, and said, "If the patients are waiting to use the phone, you must let them have it, after fifteen minutes." I said, "Okay." Then I asked him if they were collect calls, he answered and said, "Nope, just pick up the phone and tell the operator the number."

First person I called was moms, I told her that I was finally at the hospital and told her what it was like. She was happy, knowing I was happy. I talked with her for about an hour; nobody was waiting to use the phone, so I kept talking, then I told her that I loved her and told her I'm going to call Amie now. I hung up the phone and then I picked it back up and told the operator my daughter's number. I talked with Amie until one of the techs came over and said, "There are people here who want to see you." I told my daughter goodbye and I hung up.

The people were my doctor, social worker, the head nurse, my psychologist, and a hospital tech, they were my treatment team. They waited until my lawyer showed up. I had a different lawyer now; she only worked the hospital cases. They all greeted me. I was nervous, being in the room with six people. They gave me my treatment plan, which stated my crime and what I did. The doctor asked me, "Why are you here?" I replied back and said, "Don't you have the paperwork?" I was too afraid to tell them what I did, I felt so ashamed and embarrassed. They already knew what I did; I guess they wanted to hear it from me. I hate saying the word murdered or killed, but I had to. It was so difficult to tell my story.

The meeting was over and the phone times were also. So I crawled in bed and laid there for a moment, absorbing everything. I was finally at a good place, a place where I'm not going to get punished, but get help with my diagnosis. We all need treatment, not punishment.

As I was lying there, one of my roommates popped in and said, “What’s up?” I told him, “Not too much.” I lied, there were five hundred things going through my mind all at once. I immediately knew what he was going to say next, why are you here? He didn’t. He was from Maricopa County as well, so he knew what it was like. He asked me if I wanted to listen to some music, I said, “Hell yeah.” He gave me his Mp3 player to use. I put on his headphones and turned on the Mp3, I literally sunk in the bed.

The phones were on at 3:00pm again, so I called my sister and told her I was at the hospital, she was happy. She asked how it was; I told her the same as my mom. She asked me if I needed anything. I was still getting my Social Security check, so I had money. I told her I needed a Mp3 player, headphones, some regular clothes, socks, underwear and shoes, plus I asked for some cash for the vending machines. She said she would send the items this week, a week

went by really quick, and I got my stuff in the mail. I downloaded music to my Mp3 player. I was ready for the long journey.

I stayed on the intake unit for about two weeks, and then I was transferred to another unit. The unit was called Wick 5. It was the same unit my mom worked at, and the same unit where I was pushing people around in wheelchairs and eating ice-cream sandwiches out of the freezer. I guess I was born for this place. Now, I'm going to spend a lot of time here.

The unit held up to forty patients. It had a bigger day-room. They had a TV room, plus they had a smaller room with a TV, and PlayStation 3. I wanted to stay on the intake unit, because it was smaller. I don't like crowds, so the intake unit was perfect for me. When I got to know everyone, I felt more comfortable. Everyone treated me with respect. I started going to groups, they were mandatory if you wanted to get out early. So I went as much as I could. I was an over

achiever; one of the lady said. She said I was doing a fine job.

In February of 2010 I went a little manic, "They say." My light bulb was about 60watts. Remember 100watts I'm full blown manic, that's when I need a shot. If not, I'll black out. Every time I'm manic, I talk about God, it's weird, because I always think its spiritual, and maybe it is. I don't know.

Well, that's when I wrote my second book, *A Voice in the Night*. It was a guy or should I say me, which fell asleep and had a dream. In the beginning I heard an angry voice and stuff crashing, I also heard glass shattering, I heard a voice shouting in a different language and then I heard silence, then a couple of seconds later I heard the same voice, it was so soft and it said, "Why did they not hearken my utmost entity, my prognosticator, my prodigy.

Man, I wish I had my rough draft with me, but it started out something like that. I

was using words, which I didn't even know. I put it together so beautifully. I was using words like, the significance of existence, the verity of life. Like I said before, I don't remember everything when I'm manic. I only remember parts of it.

I heard the soft voice talk, then when he was done, he recited one of my poems, that's when I spoke in the dream and said, "Hey that's my poem." Then he said, "Who is there?" I told him my name and said, "My name is William and that's my poem." Then he replied back and said, "If you're truly my William, then you would know the answers to life." William is my middle name. So I used William as my cover. The book had the answers to life. It started from A, and went to Z. (A) was agriculture, (B) was barefoot, (C) was challenge yourself, (D) was disease, (E) was evolution, (F) was food. I don't remember all of them, but I remembered that (H) was hydroponics (J) was jump (L) was love (M) was music (O) was oxygen (S) was

spin (W) was water (Y) was yelling, and (Z) was Zen.

The book had all the answers to life. I forgot some of the letters and what they meant, but I knew the answers to life. (A) Agriculture, I already wrote about it. No hormones or shots, grass fed, keep the flies off of them. I really went into detail about it; I talked about how the chickens are cooped up tight and have like 4 eye balls and three legs, because of the shots.

While writing the answers to life, the voice changed. Now it was a female voice. I don't remember how it transitioned, but it went from male to female. She told me to call her Godien. I continued the answers, we both talked throughout the book, she would talk and ask questions, then I would talk and give answers.

The book was written weird, I didn't use, she said, he said, I replied, my words were black ink, she was red, there was an angel in the book talking, her color was blue, then

Mother Nature was green. So it was full of color, instead of she said, he said. Just think about it, you would delete a lot of words, if you just used colors for each of the characters in the book. It would be a big change in the book writing industry. Like if I say, Toby said in a loud voice, “I hate you.” You wouldn’t need to write Toby said in a loud voice, you would just write, “I hate you.” in blue or whatever color Toby is. If Toby was derogative when he said it, put a wavy line under it. It was really weird, using color instead of words. That’s a manic brain for you. I wish I knew more about the book, I could give a lot more information about it. I couldn’t rewrite the book, because I was high, not on drugs, but a mania high, “They say.” like when Jason said, “You must be high.”

While writing I felt this tapping on the top of my head. This ping, that wouldn’t stop. At that time, everyone was bringing me food and drinks; they just showed up and said, “Here.” It was weird.

If you compare a manic brain to a regular brain, you would see a big difference. The manic brain is lit up. I was really creative; it was like it flowed out of me. I didn't think about it, I just wrote.

At the time we had a little newsletter, that the patients worked on, I was writing the newsletter and the book at the same time. When I was at summer camp a long time ago, I remembered this campfire story about three Indians. I remembered some of it, just bits and pieces. I took the story and revamped it. There are things in the story that I didn't do, if you figure it out; I would say you got a good eye. It's called Three Indians.

Three Indians

Long time ago, there were three Indians. They each wanted to become new chief of village, for prior chief was old. So chief of village put all three through test. They each had to get piece of coal from fire, run to top of mountain, then back down again.

Whoever came back down mountain first to start new fire would become new chief. First Indian who was faster, grabbed coal then started running. Then Strong Indian grabbed coal out of fire with bare hands, then started up mountain. Third Indian knew he was last to run, before he grabbed coal, he kissed his wife goodbye, told her, “I love you.” Then he too started up mountain. Fast Indian was quick, but he did not have strong legs to run up mountain, causing Strong Indian to gain on him. They reached top at same time. Third Indian was halfway up mountain. Fast Indian started down mountain, his quickness so swift. As he was running, he saw an Old Indian from far away, but did not stop. Strong Indian was running down mountain, he too saw Old Indian, as he was running by. Old Indian said, “Please young Indian, I am Old Indian. I am cold, please start me fire.” Strong Indian said, “Sorry, I must become new chief of village.” So Strong Indian left him shivering. Third Indian was at top, then started down mountain. He too saw Old Indian. Old Indian asked him same

thing. Third Indian knew he was not faster or stronger than his brothers, but he knew what cold felt like. Third Indian started fire from coal. He sat with old Indian for while. Spoke many things about LIFE. Old Indian was warm with comfort. He thanked Third Indian for his kindness. Third Indian took his coal, then started back down mountain. He got close to village. He heard cheering. He was happy, there was new chief. He entered village. He saw his two brothers blowing on coal. His village was cheering them on. Fast Indian was blowing fast, but nothing. Strong Indian was blowing hard, but nothing. Third Indian threw his hot coal on sticks. Soon as he did, fire started. He could not believe. His village cheered. While village cheered. Old Indian came down from mountain. It was Old Chief, disguised as Old Indian. Old chief told Third Indian, “You gave me warmth, you gave me comfort, you are strongest at heart, you are faster at making new fire. I know you will give your village warmth, you will give

them comfort. So you are new chief of village."

Did you notice it, while reading? I didn't use A, AND, or THE, in the story. I wrote this story really fast as well. It just flowed out of me. After I reread it, I saw the mistakes, but were they mistakes? It sounds a little out of place, but you could still understand the story. I was shocked, but that is what I could do when I'm manic. "They say."

I just wished I had the books I wrote. It seems like every time I write something, and send it out. People lose it or can't find it. I had made a copy of the second book, I had my social worker make me a copy, but I sent that one to Channel 3. I know, I know, why did I send it to them, when they lost the first book? I just felt like sending them a copy of it. I don't know why I did it. It was in my heart I guess. So I sent one to a publisher and he lost it, then one to Channel 3, I never got a reply on that one and the rough draft got ate by my daughter's dogs. So I have

nothing, but memories. I wish I can rewrite them again, but I got no energy. I'd rather have no energy and not go manic, then have a lot of energy and go manic again. I never want to go manic again. I'll never get off my medications, because we all know what happens when I do. The stupid Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde thing I do.

I'm creative with music and I can write poetry, but that is the best I could do. This book is the longest book I ever wrote, so far. I can't believe I'm writing it, but I must get my words out.

I haven't gone manic since 2010; the doctor had me so doped up after the second book. I couldn't even think straight. At first my doctor said my writings were clear, and then I started to get more energy, that's when I started the second book.

After I was finished with the book, I was chilling in the day-room. Everyone went to the dining hall to eat supper, I wasn't hungry, and stayed back. The nurse that was

working that day came up to me and asked me if I wanted a shot of Zeprexa. I refused, because I haven't done anything bad, but then I remembered the energy, so I went to the nurse and got the shot.

I was out for two days, when I woke up, the energy and the pinging on top of my head was gone. I didn't feel like writing no more, not even for the newsletter. Then a couple of weeks later, I was a 20watt light bulb. I was depressed for six weeks. I didn't want to eat, sleep or shower, but I had too. I always keep good hygiene. I didn't want to go to groups or be social with anybody. I just said what's up, when they said hi.

After the six weeks, I started to feel like myself again. I was all doped up, but I felt pretty normal. I started to go to groups and participate again.

A year went by and I was doing a wonder full job programming. The treatment team was discussing my levels, which meant, I

would be discharged into the community in three years.

A couple of months went by and I was sent to the Psychiatric Security Review board or P.S.R.B. The board consists of five members that are doctors and psychologists; they are separate from the hospital. There the ones who say you could get conditionally released from the hospital. They usually go with the hospitals recommendations. Before you get your levels you must go and get approved, then each set of levels, you must go again. They approved my levels 1-3, that meant going on outings with staff. We went to the movies, malls, golfing, hiking, etc. The hospitals job was to get us reintegrated into the community successfully. When I got my levels 1-3, I got an ankle monitor. I had to wear it the whole time I did the level system.

I was still at the Wicks, they were almost done building the new Forensic Hospital, because the hospital I was at, was old and had asbestos, it was about to be shut down.

My doctor wanted me to go to another building. It was a Condition Release Unit or C.R.U… I didn't want to go at first, but one of my friends I knew talked me into it, so I talked with my doctor and told him I want to go. I was glad I went. It had a swimming pool, kitchen, a pool table, and a basketball hoop.

Some people got their own room. You could go outside when you wanted. It was like the Hilton compared to the old hospital.

My levels 1-3 were almost over. I was about to get my 4-6. That meant going on pass with approved others. My whole family was on the list.

I went to the P.S.R.B again, I got approved. I was so happy. The first pass I did was a four-hour pass, with my whole family. We all went to our favorite Mexican food restaurant, then to my dad's house. He wasn't pimpin it no more. He got married to my stepmother. She works at Phoenix Baptist Hospital. She is a lovely lady.

I had to do my level 4, which meant four-hour passes. So my brother picked up my mom, Amie and I. We went out to eat, then to the movies a couple times. On one of my passes, we went to eat at Subway; while we were eating, there was a homeless guy in Subway. The worker told the guy, “If you are not buying anything, you got to leave.”

The homeless guy started to leave, that’s when my mom stepped in and told the guy to get whatever he wanted. The guy said, “Thank you.” and went to go get him some food. When the guy was done my mom handed him ten-dollars. He said, “Thank you.” Then the guy took off. When we were leaving, a woman came up to my mom and said, “God bless you.” I almost cried, because my mom doesn’t have a lot of money. The guy working probably felt bad, but it wasn’t his fault. We all got taught a lesson that day. That’s how my mom was. God I miss her. As tears fall from my eyes. I need a tissue.

Speaking of tears, while I was doing my passes, my daughter called me and said, “Guess what?” I said, “What?” She said, “I’m pregnant.” I didn’t get mad. I took a deep breath and said, “Are you ready for a child?” She started crying and said, “I guess.” Then I asked her if she was going to finish school. She said, “Yes.” I think she was a sophomore in high school at the time.

I didn’t get upset, because everybody probably yelled at her. At that time, she needed comfort, not people yelling at her. So I gave her my full support. I was going to be a grandpa. I had tears of joy. I ran around C.R.U. telling everyone. I was so happy. Another addition to the family. I was a little freighted though. She was young, but I knew she would be a good mom, and she is. I did get a little upset when she quit school.

Now, every time she calls me and says, “Guess what?” I say, “You’re pregnant.” My daughter laughs. Then a year later she calls me again and said, “Guess what?” I just said, “Oh, my God.” She replied back and

said, “Yup.” I went to her first baby shower, then I got to see the firstborn the day he got out of the hospital. I went to the hospital, when she had the second baby. She named the first born Kayden and the second born Colter. I was happy and so was Amie.

The whole time this was happening, I got my level 5, which meant going on pass for eight hours with family, then I got my level 6, which meant I could go to my family’s house for 48hours.

Level 7 was eight hours by yourself and level 8 was twelve hours by yourself. I took the city bus all the time. I mainly went to my dad’s house, but sometimes I went to the Public Library.

The last four months, I had to get a job. I worked at the Mark Center. I had to, so I could get benefits when I got out.

While I was doing my levels, my stepfather passed away, he had to go and get dialysis twice a week. It got worse and he passed away. The day before he died, he had

bought my mom flowers. I was on the phone, with my mom, and he was in the background, I told my mom to say, I love you for me, I heard him say I love him too. It was nice, my last words to that man were, “I love you.” For him to buy my mother flowers was an odd thing, maybe he knew he was about to go. I was able to go to his funeral and say my goodbye.

I went through the level system, with no problems. I couldn’t live with family, because the P.S.R.B. wanted a supervised setting. So they sent me to a 24hour group home.

Chapter 11

Group Home

I was free, but I had a leash on me. It was kind of like probation, same rules applied. I couldn't own firearms, couldn't go to bars or pubs, basically anything that might get me in trouble. I had to do urine drug screens, see a person from the hospital once a month. I had to go to my clinic at least once a month. I had to see a therapist once a week. Whatever the P.S.R.B. wanted, it was (Your wish is my command), because I do not want to go back. I am under the supervision of the P.S.R.B until 2025. Any wrong move, I would be back at the hospital.

The hospital does a good job getting us reintegrated into the community. It's where they place us after the hospital that's concerning. They placed me in a 24hour supervised group home. The hospital knows that group homes can be very stressing. I consider myself a higher functioning person. I know how to take good care of myself, when I'm not having an episode.

Group homes are filled with lower functioning people. The group home calls us clients, since were not in a hospital setting. I was housed with six other clients and two staff members in a four bedroom house, not only was it packed with clients, it was very stressing.

Nobody knows how to cook or clean. They don't know how to properly take care of themselves. Some have poor hygiene and are always prompted to do their laundry and take showers. Shit stains on the toilet and a smelly house made it very irritable to tolerate. I always had to redo the dishes, because they left them all soapy. Re-clean

the bathroom before and after I used it. At first I felt bad and helped them cook and clean, but then it started to become my job to cook all the time and constantly clean the restroom.

I usually don't complain. I was happy I had a roof over my head and food to eat, but sometimes I had to go down the street to a restaurant to eat, because it was so bad. Try eating spaghetti with soggy noodles. I couldn't do it. I hated being there, so I spent most of the time at my daughter's house. I didn't mind cleaning their house; they didn't like doing dishes either, but I would do anything to help my daughter out.

At the hospital we learned our (coping skills). Things we can do when a situation occurs, like meditation, breathing exercises, going for a walk, talking to family on the phone or listening to music. I tell you now, that nothing worked. I was so stressed, I started getting depressed. I told my doctor and she put me on a new depression

medication. Now, I was doped up even more.

There are a few things that happened at the group home, I thought was so funny. The third day I was there, my roommate had bought him a tall can of beer, well, he bought me one too, and it was in my top dresser drawer. If they would have found out, I would have been back at the hospital so quick.

One of the staff members came to work high; her eyes were so red, I said, “You are so high right now.” She replied back, “How do you know?” I told her I was an addict for years, and told her I know when someone’s high. I told her to get some eye drops next time. She told me she felt so stupid. She would be high and drive all of us to the park and stores. If she would have got us in an accident, I would have got paid. I would have been complaining, (My neck hurt).

My program manager put a bowl of vinegar in my room to take away the smell,

because my roommate wouldn't shower or do his laundry. He would jack off in his sheets, and then use it to cover up. I'm telling you, it was gross living there.

I told my clinical team all this, they said it's only for about six months. I couldn't do it. I was so anxious and frazzled and depressed.

The year I got out, I spent Christmas over at my daughter's house. The night before we all went to her aunt's house for dinner and to open up presents. Everyone was having a good time; I was just sitting there all quiet. Everyone was asking me, why I was so quiet, I told them, "It's the medication." My daughter's sister Adrianna gave me a hug and said it will be okay.

I hated the way I felt. In my mind I thought I'm always going to feel this way. The group home was stressing. I'm going to be labeled a murderer all my life, people pointing their finger at me. Thinking about all of this and not thinking about the whole

picture, I jumped in the tub and cut my wrists a few months later.

Like I said before, depression is an awful illness to live with, when it takes over, you can't control the symptoms. You only can ride it out. What kept me alive before, was my child. Every time I thought about suicide, I just thought of her. I thought to myself, I got to be here for Amie, she needs me. Now, that she was older, I thought she would understand. She knew I lived with depression, plus I thought the grandkids are too young, they wouldn't remember me anyways, so I decided to jump in the tub at the group home one night.

I texted my daughter and left a message, I told her I loved her and that I was leaving. She thought it was one of my poems at first, then she caught on. I got up out of bed and I asked one of the staff for a razor, I had no towel with me or my shower bag. I just asked for a razor and went in the bathroom. I locked the door and I jumped in the tub and slit my wrists.

While I was in the tub awaiting my demise, I was reflecting on my past. I thought of my mental illness and how it will never go away. I thought of all the shit I been through, then I thought of the little book I wrote in 2003, then I thought of the crime.

Forty-five minutes went by and the shower was still running. Nobody knew yet. I was losing blood, but it seemed to slow down. I was in and out of it, then I heard a knock on the door, it was my dad, I thought to myself, why is my dad here? He said, "Tony, are you alright?" I didn't answer.

One of the clients said, "If you take a pin and poke the doorknob hole, it will unlock." My dad was the first one in. He told the staff member to call 911. The fire department came and dragged me out of the tub, like a tuna fish in a boat. They laid me on a gurney. As they were taking me out of the house, my dad said, *"The Lord isn't done with you yet son."* I just thought, stupid Lord. They took me to the hospital.

My whole family showed up, they took turns seeing me. They all told me that they loved me and that it would be okay. They stayed awhile, and then they left.

Now, here is the crazy thing. The nurses left me wet in the bed, not stitched up yet, for four hours. No blanket or a gown. I had to tell them I was cold and that I was still wet from the shower. She gave me a gown. I went to the restroom to change and to use it. (Four fucking hours I laid there), before I got help. Such caring and loving nurses, then I heard a nurse say, “I better go stitch him up.” After they stitched my wrists, they put me in another room.

Now, here is where the good old Lord needed me, I thought later on. There was an old lady; she was laying in the bed next to me, with a curtain in-between us. A nurse came in and told her, “Here is your paperwork, get up and go.” The old lady said, “Where am I going to go?” the nurse said in a harsh tone, “I don’t know, but you got to get up and go now.” That’s when I

jumped in. I said in a harsh tone, “Where is she going to go, with no food or water at 4:30 in the morning?” the nurse looked at me startled and then looked at her and said; “We can call a homeless shelter for you.” The old lady said, “No.” and she got up and left.

A couple of minutes later I told the nurse, as I pointed up, I said, “I got denied a place, and so did she.” as I pointed at the bed. I’m telling you, everything happens for a reason.

Then a kid about twenty came in drunk, he was cut from a knife, I guess he was fighting with his dad, I heard a toaster was thrown and a knife was pulled, the nurse asked him if he had insurance, the kid said, “No.” then the nurse said, “Are you going to pay out of pocket?” he said, “Hell no.” so the officer that was with him said, “Will stitch you up at County.” And they left.

A couple of hours went by; it was about 6:30am. A guy came in and pointed at my wrists and said, “What’s up?” I didn’t say

anything, I was still mad, because of the old lady and the kid situation. Then he said, “Why are you here?” I said, “To see that lady get kicked out of bed at 4:30 in the morning, with no place to go without food and water.” as I was pointing at the bed she was in. He replied back and said, “What does she have to do with you being here?” I replied and said, “I needed to see her getting kicked out at 4:30 in the morning, with no place to go without food and water.” Then I told him to call the Arizona State Hospital. I was going back. The cops came a little later and picked me up and dropped me off at the hospital.

While I was in the tub, my daughter called my sister, and then my sister called my dad. Now, check this out, my dad is an alcoholic, he usually drinks every night and goes to sleep early, well, this night he was at my brothers daughters graduation. He got a phone call from my sister, my sister said, “Go check on Tony, something’s wrong.” He is the only one who knows were the

group home was. That's when he showed up and saved my life, because the assholes in the group home didn't know what they were doing.

Now, I'm going to go back and talk about the old lady that got kicked out at 4:30 in the morning. Would it of been nice if there was a place for her to go? I know she didn't want to go to a homeless shelter, because I have been to the one in downtown Phoenix, Arizona.

I wasn't homeless at the time, but I took this kid there, he was from my clinic, he was mentally ill also. He was a nice kid. He was in his twenties. He had nowhere to go and he had a lot of clothes in the shed. People kept going in and stealing clothes from him. So I walked up to him and said, "I got an old trailer in the back of my house, you can keep your clothes there until the clinic gets you a place to stay." He replied back and said, "Really?" I nodded my head. He was so happy.

When we got there, he took all his stuff and threw it in the back of my mom's truck. While I was there, I saw the courtyard of the shelter, it was full of homeless people and there were about a hundred people hanging outside the homeless shelter, trying to get in. It was a total mess. There wasn't room for everybody. There were tents popped up and boxes with people in it. There were tarps hanging from the fences with people in it. Trash was everywhere. People were coming up to me and asking me for a smoke. It was so sad to see.

We left the shelter and I drove home. We stopped at a Jack in the Box and I got him some food. When we got home, I helped him with his bags. He was so happy, he gave me a big hug and said thank you. I gave him a couple of dollars for the bus and he took off. He came back about a month later to get his stuff. I guess the clinic found him a place to stay. Probably a group home, but I don't know.

Okay, this is what happened, I was at the clinic, I had just seen my doctor and I was behind him at the counter. I had to talk to the receptionist to get my next appointment. While I was behind him, I overheard him saying, “I got no place to go and all my stuff is at CASS (Homeless Shelter) and they’re stealing my clothes.” The lady responded and said, “I’m sorry we can’t store them here.” The kid was totally upset. After he spoke to the lady, he went to use the free phone that was in the room. I got my next appointment and I started to leave, but I couldn’t. I just felt the kid’s vibes, he was totally upset. I felt sorry for the kid. So I went up to him and told him that I got an old trailer in my backyard and that he could keep his clothes there, until he got a place from the clinic.

I’m telling you now, that everything happens for a reason. I had to see it. I keep telling you the system is broken, from inpatient to outpatient, the criminal system and the mental health system, it’s all broken.

That lady would have been dropped off at the back of the line and she knew that, that's why she didn't want to go. It's ridiculous. Now, can I get in my CRAZY mind?

How big is a university? How many homeless people can you fit in a university? Okay, let's say the university is set up for homeless people already. Now, let's pretend that I'm a homeless guy named Steve Jay Torbit and I'm going to go through it. I'm dirty and I got nothing but my dirty clothes on. The night before I asked for some change and I ended up getting high and too drunk, I got sick and went to the hospital.

The hospital took good care of me and let me sleep it off, and then they called the homeless shelter for me.

A man named Rick picked me up and took me to the shelter. When we got there, another guy was waiting for me. He introduced himself as Carl. He took me in and gave me some new clothes and some

delouse shampoo. I took a hot shower for the first time in months.

When I was finished Carl took me to a big cafeteria, it was set up like a buffet. I got in line and I got as much as I could. After I was done, Carl took me in the gym where there were about 200 beds, every bed in their own cube. The nice man gave me a plastic covered pillow and some linen, and he showed me where I could sleep for the night. I haven't slept on a real bed since I was in jail. It was 2:00pm.

Carl gave me a ticket and told me when my ticket's called to follow the yellow line to the front desk. I got called with-in the hour and I went upfront. There was a receptionist behind the counter who kindly asked me for my ID. I said, "I don't have an ID." He said, "No problem." He asked me what my full name was, I told him, "Steve Jay Torbit." He typed my full name in the computer and my mug shot was pulled up from when I was in jail. The computer gave him all my information. Then he said,

“Hello Steve, I’m Eddy.” I nodded my head and said, “Hello.” Then he asked me if I would kindly follow him to the nurse’s station. I replied back nervously and said, “Why?” He asked me if they can take my vitals. I said, “Sure.” and I followed him to the nurse’s office; they took my vitals and they asked if they could take a blood sample. I told them, “No problem.” I guess they were checking to see if I had aids or any viruses. I hope I don’t.

The nurse was done with me and then Eddy said to follow him and I did, then I told him, “I got the shakes, I want to go.” He said, “Hold on and just follow me.” I kind of got a little angry and said, “I want to go.” We stopped at a door and he asked me what my pleasure was. I didn’t understand. He said, “What do you drink?” I said, “Whiskey.” We went in the room and he went to get a little bottle of whiskey. It was like those little bottles you get on an airplane. Eddy handed it to me and I took a swig. Then I said, “Sir, why did you give me

whiskey?" he replied and said, "Because you were shaking." I didn't understand, but apparently he did. He gave me a couple more bottles and sent me back to the gym and said, "Get some sleep, we will talk to you tomorrow."

I looked at my bed, and then I looked at the door. Here I got a bed for the night; if I leave I can probably get high or get some more alcohol. I looked at the bed again. I didn't know what to do. I wanted to get high.

I sat on the bed and chugged down the two bottles. I still wanted to get high. So I decided to hit the road again. I started for the door, as I approached it; a young lady with a name tag that said Ashley asked me where I was going. I told her that I was leaving. She asked me why. I told her I was an addict my whole life and I wanted to go and get high. She asked me what I got high on. I told her heroin

Okay, I want to stop here and ask you a question. What would you do right now? He is an addict. If he leaves he's going to be back on the streets. He is going to find a needle and some street heroin. He is going to bum some change and get enough to get high. Would you get him high on some clean heroin or are you going to let him get high on some street heroin? It's true. He is going to get high either way. We're going to get him high. So let me continue my story.

Ashley told me to follow her, I wanted to leave, but I followed her anyways. She took me to the nurse's office. She told the nurse something, I couldn't hear what she said, but the nurse went to the cupboard and grabbed a syringe. I looked at the syringe and said, "What are you doing?" The nurse said, "You wanted to get high right?" I quickly responded, "High on what?" she said, "Heroin." I couldn't believe it, they were obviously kidding, there not going to get me high. She showed me the little vial. I was wondering if it was just saline. I said, "Is

this a joke?" she drew a little and squirted it on my hand and told me to lick it. I did and to my surprise, it was heroin. I immediately said, "Why?" She responded and said, "Well sir, we don't want you to leave and go get high on street drugs, it's totally dangerous." I couldn't believe it; they were going to get me high. I was shocked. I asked the nurse if this was legal.

Now, let me stop and ask you a question again. Should it be legal? Think about it, while I finish the story.

She didn't say anything. She just said lets go to your bed and will administer the shot. I couldn't believe it. I sat on my bed and she filled the needle and gave it to me. I found a vein and I injected it in my vein. I suddenly felt the rush. The nurse took the needle and they both told me to have a good night and they left.

I laid down on my bed. I thought to myself, I'm not lost, lonely or cold. I felt

really good, I couldn't believe it, I just got a hot shower, some food, a warm bed and I got high. Was it a dream?

The nurse came back and put something on my finger, she said it was a heart monitor, I said, "Thank you." She smiled and said, "Goodnight." I woke up the next morning; I didn't have a hangover or the shakes. I sat up and took off the heart monitor. As soon as I did a new nurse came quick to check on me. She said, "Good morning." I told her, 'Good morning." She told me her name was Silvia and she asked me if I slept well. I told her like a baby. She asked me if I was hungry. I told her, "Yes ma'am." She told me the cafeteria's open.

I got up and went to the bathroom and washed my face, and then I went to the cafeteria and got something to eat. After I was done, a young gentleman said, "Steve?" I said, "Yes." I'm Thomas; can I speak with you for a minute?" I said, "Sure." We went into his office. He told me that my blood test came back and that I was a little dehydrated,

but I had no infectious diseases. I was happy to hear. He asked me if they were treating me well, I said, “Yes sir.” He asked me if I smoked cigarettes, I told him, “Yes.” He said, “Let’s take a walk.” We went out in a courtyard, there were other people smoking.

He gave me a cigarette and a light, and then he asked me if I wanted to stay awhile. I wasn’t sure. I just got treated really well. I told him, “I don’t know, what’s the catch? He told me, “Nothing, we can put you to work and work on your rehabilitation together.” I told him, “I don’t need rehabilitation.” I was being stubborn, I definitely needed help, but I didn’t want to tell him that. Thomas looked at me and said, “Well Steve, you got two choices, either you can stay here and we can help you out or you can hit the street again.” I told him, “I don’t need help.” Thomas replied and said, “It looked like you needed help yesterday, you were brought to the hospital.”

I didn’t know how to respond. He was right, but I didn’t want to show my

weakness. I really loved how I was treated last night, but I wasn't going to tell him that. All I said was, "How can you help me?" he smiled and said, "Well, the work program is easy, you get your own room, all the food you can eat, if you play games, we have a game room, a swimming pool, a Jacuzzi, we have an internet cafe, and we got cable TV." I replied and said, "Sounds nice and all, but I'm an addict and an alcoholic, I like getting high." He smiled again and said, "That's what will work on." He had me hooked, but I was still nervous. Then he told me what I wanted to hear. He said, "We will continue getting you high, but it's going to be on you to cut back a little at a time, we're not going to push you." I thought about the outside world, the cold, the heat in the summer, not having any food to eat, and especially the loneliness. I started crying and I couldn't stop. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "It's going to be okay, we got you, we will get you back on your feet again."

The other question I asked was - should heroin be legal? Not as recreation, but for medical and situations like this one.

If my daughter was hooked on heroin, I would want that to happen. At least I would know where she was and that she is in good hands. This could work as a rehab center as well. Let's build a couple of homeless shelter/rehab centers as big as universities in each state, and if we had a bunch of money, let's go worldwide with it. It's not just America's problem, it's the worlds.

A lot of people want to get high; they want to escape the tragedies in their lives. They want to escape the problems in life, and they want to escape reality. I'm not saying legalize all drugs, but whatever Mother Nature provides for us, let's utilize them. I know it can't be done unless we get rid of the F.D.A. and the entire government, plus the pharmaceutical companies. We all know they're making money off of the medications and off the street drugs. If we went with Mother Nature's remedies, the

body would be cured. But I'm just crazy; nobody listens to the crazy guy.

Now, let's talk about the kid that got kicked out of the hospital, because he couldn't afford six stitches. Oh wait, each stitch is 100 dollars and the alcohol swab is 200 dollars and the doctor needs 500 dollars for ten minutes, the nurse needs about 100 dollars for ten minutes and to top it off, the bandages are 60 bucks each. Do you want a Tylenol? That's going to be 100 dollars. It's bullshit. What's the second word in Healthcare? What's the definition of care?

Now, can I get in my CRAZY mind again? Do you ((EAT)) THC edibles? Well, let me tell you the benefits of a weed.

CANNABIS

- Stops cancer growth
- Reduces neurological impairment
- Relaxes muscles, antispasmodic
- Prevents migraines

- Treats glaucoma

- Treats ADD, ADHD

- Reduces IBS, Crohn’s disease

- Cures epilepsy

- Prevents Alzheimer’s

- Treats PMS

- Anti-Psychotic

- Makes bio-degradable plastic

- Makes paper

- Makes fuel, solvents, lubricants

- Makes industrial textiles

- Makes consumer textiles

- Makes building materials

- Could end deforestation

- Could end dependence on oil, gas and coal

- Can be grown almost anywhere

STILL WONDERING WHY IT'S ILLEGAL?

It is time that we all stand up for what is right & good so we can all come out of the Cannabis closet.

Deaths from:

Tobacco = 400,000

Alcohol = 100,000

Legal drugs = 20,000

Illegal drugs = 15,000

Caffeine = 2,000

Aspirin = 500

Marijuana = "0"

I think we should legalize it everywhere and let it pay for Healthcare, and rehabilitation centers, but don't listen to me (I'm crazy) Speaking of crazy. I'm going back to the Crazy House.

Chapter 12

New Forensic Hospital / New Life

Concrete floors and steal doors? Push button for showers again. It sure felt like jail, but I was glad I was back. I needed to get help; I was drowning, and needed saving.

When the cops dropped me off, I was greeted with sweatpants; underwear, a pair of socks, a colored shirt and shower shoes, with a bottle of delouse shampoo again. They had to get plastic bags to wrap around my wrist, because of the stitches.

I had my intake staffing with entire new treatment team. I told them the truth, and

they understood. They knew group homes can be very stressing, plus I told them how I felt about the 160mg of Geodon I was taking. The doctor stopped the Geodon, and put me on 5mg's of Abilify instead. The other medication I was taking was terrible, but crazy people need to take medication. I don't understand, the doctors put us on medication to try and make us feel better, and I believe that is true for some people, but why so much? Natural remedies will work, but they are making too much money with medication. I am taking a psych medication, a depression pill, an anxiety pill and a mood stabilizer. My mind is totally altered. I can't think straight, I am tired all the time, plus it takes your creativity away, but I'm stable, slobbering all over myself, but stable. I still got some creativity. Check this out. It's called, (Rubber rooms, Straightjackets and Medication.)

Rubber rooms, Straightjackets and Medication

I must realize that I'm institutionalized in an Insane Asylum, my mind all medicated, my thoughts deteriorating, mentally ill, but still got skills. All doped up, don't know what to do, doctor done drugged me, now I'm all confused, but it's cool, they can't take away my flow, but my mind be slippin, my body be trippin, because of rubber rooms, straightjackets and medication. crazy as hell, but I don't care, can't blame me, blame the insanity, of my childhood fears, all my childhood tears, physically beaten, parents mistreating, all this yelling and screaming. Demons whispering voices, I'm mentally twisted, but yes I'm still gifted, to spit these lyrical lines, out of my crazy ass mind, rapping about rubber rooms, straightjackets and medication. Staff got me pinned, nurse got the needle. I'll be sleeping for days, dreaming of evil, in a padded room, where the walls are all rubber. When will it end? When will it cease? My mind so

chaotic, there can never be peace, too damn crazy, over medicated. It's so sad to see, if I fuck-up next, it's going to be a lobotomy. The calm after the storm, no more voices, no more choices, it will be feeding tubes, shitty diapers and cartoons, but no more rubber rooms, straightjackets and medication.

So sad, but so true.

After a couple of weeks of the new medication I was feeling a little better. Everybody I knew at the hospital was shocked to see me back, especially with slit wrists. I had to tell my story to everyone I knew, which were a lot of people. I should have just written a letter and let everyone read it. Speaking of letters, I wrote a letter to the Board that got me out a year later.

To: P.S.R.B

As you know, I was committed to the hospital for a serious offense in 2009. While here, I have learned so much about my mental health, and my sobriety. I had no issues or incident reports while here, and

maintained my behavior. In 2010 Dr. Smith put me on Ziprazidone. I know medications come with side effects. This medication made me drowsy. I told the doctor how I felt. He lowered the dose to 160 mg. I still felt drowsy. I told him again. He said, “It has to get in your system to start working.” I continued to take the medication as prescribed. So I accepted the side effect, because I never want to go manic again. I continued taking my medication even though I felt drowsy. I went through the level system with no problems and was released into the community. I followed my conditional release plan. I went to AA once a week and was working. On my free time I went to my daughter’s house to see her and my grandkids. While I was there, I would just sit on the couch and watch the kids play. I wanted to get down and interact with them, but did not have the energy to do so, plus I wasn’t very social with my daughter. The more time I spent with her deepened my depression. Then I had Christmas with her family. What really got me was that

everybody was having a good time. I was just sitting there. Everybody was asking me why I was so quiet. I told them it was the medication. A few months went by, without thinking or reaching out for help, I decided I was sick and tired of it all. Not having energy was the main reason. The group home I was living at was awful. Living with 6 people who didn't know how to cook, do laundry, or take showers. I did not want to go home. On May 23, 2016 I tried to end my life. I thought I'll always feel like this. Living with depression is very challenging. It affects us all. I came back to the hospital May 24, 2016. I had a review a couple of weeks later. The board decided not to pull my conditional release at that time. The board told my treatment team to get me stable and come back in 3 months. After the 3 months, I went to special class. They wanted to extend my conditional release until I got a risk assessment and more therapy. While I was here, my therapist and I went over a lot of issues that I needed to take care of. One of them was relapse

prevention and if any problems come up again, I would know how to handle them. The first of November I was scheduled for special class again. They didn't recommend my release to the community. They wanted to give me levels 1 and 2. I agreed. Then I thought about it for a while. I have already been through the levels with no problems. I asked my social worker if I can be released to my father's house. She said, "Talk to your lawyer."

My father is retired, was a medic in the Navy. My step mother works at a hospital. I would be supervised 24 hours and would be monitored. / When I did my 48 hour passes with him. He made sure that I took my medications at the right time and watched me take them. It would be a less stressful environment. I would help him around the house. I would have family support. I would stay with him until my clinic and P.S.R.B recommends my independent housing. My doctor got me off Ziprazidone. I feel so much better on my new medications. I don't

feel tired or drowsy. I am more spontaneous and I have a good sense of humor. I have shown stability, with no symptoms or problems while here at the hospital. I feel that I can resume and function in the community. I would like to see a therapist, so I can address any issues that may come up. I will follow my conditional release plan, and live a better and healthy life. I have no thoughts of hurting myself or others. If possible, I would like to be released in my father's care. If not, I will go with the hospitals recommendation. Thank you.

Surprisingly the letter worked. I didn't have to do my levels over again and they released me into the community, but not in my favor. They released me to a 16hour supervised apartment instead.

They wouldn't release me to my fathers because, if something would happen to my father, I would come back to the hospital and they thought it would be stressful on me to take care of pops. I didn't want to live

there anyways. My father's an alcoholic, there would have been alcohol there and it would've been stressful, but I didn't want to go back to a group home. I was surprised when they said a 16hour supervised apartment, but the word SUPERVISED made me nervous.

Chapter 13

16hour Supervised Apartment

A 16hour supervised apartment complex is where you are monitored 16 hours a day, from 7:00am - 11:00pm; it is a step up from a group home. All the residents are mentally ill like me. All higher functioning, I thought. You get to share an apartment with someone. Staff comes in randomly to see if the apartment is being kept up. They also have to check for bed bugs. The apartments are two bedroom furnished apartments.

My case manager picked me up from the hospital. All I had was my musical keyboard, clothes and some paperwork. The rest of my belongings were at my dad's

house. I had my television, PlayStation 4, my bicycle, my skateboard, clothes and all my other possessions. He had picked up all my stuff from the group home and stored it at his house until I got out again.

After I got settled in the apartment, I went shopping for some food and toiletries at the Family Dollar store that was right down the street. I needed the basic household items. I needed a broom and dust pan, dish soap, a toilet brush etc.

I needed all the stuff that was on a list the apartment manager gave me. I had about 300 dollars on me. I only spent like 150. My dad helped me out with the rest of the stuff I needed, towels, rags, kitchenware, and cleaning supplies. I was all good to go.

The guy that I shared the apartment with me was an older man. He was about 58 years old. He didn't drink or do drugs, but he was low functioning. He hardly had any food in his cabinets or refrigerator. He bought mostly takeout and can foods from

the dollar store. The staff from the apartments took him to the food banks, but he didn't have much. I thought to myself, this is going to be an issue, because I love to cook and my job wasn't to feed him, but I did. He really didn't eat much. Plus, I felt bad when he didn't eat. So I kind of took care of him. Least I didn't have to take care of six people. I didn't mind, it makes me feel good to help someone else.

The next day I had to go to the Social Security office to get my Social Security check started back up again. I was bringing in about 1,300 a month. I was getting about 1,600, but I owed them about 6,600 dollars, because I kept on getting paid when I first came to the hospital, they were supposed to cut it off, but I kept getting my check every month, So I was paying them 300 dollars a month until it got paid off.

I was all good, except I needed internet. I couldn't afford it, until my check came. So I asked one of the neighbors if they had internet. One of them did. I asked him if I

could jump on his network for forty dollars a month, he said, “No problem.” I was so happy. I had internet and I had 110 dollars left. I had to make that last until I got my check.

I lived on 19th Avenue and Peoria in good old Dope Ville, Sunny Slope, Arizona. So much dope came out of Sunny Slope. I wasn’t worried about it, I learned about my addiction at the hospital, so I thought.

My dad lived on 19th Avenue and Indian School road. I took the bus to his house to eat sometimes, until my check came.

I lived off the base of Sunny Slope Mountain. I loved it, because I could go mountain bike riding anytime I felt like it. I would get my backpack and fill it with bottled water and a couple of snacks and take a ride around the mountain. I could just go around the mountain or I could take trail 100, it goes for 13.7 miles. I would challenge myself and go halfway around the mountain, without touching the ground,

except for once to stop and rest. There is a church up on the mountain; I would coast to the picnic table by the basketball court. I would sit on top of the table and drink water and eat a snack.

I would rest about twenty minutes and take off again. Sometimes I would just ride around part of the mountain without touching the ground. It's a pretty hard challenge.

My daughter lived about five miles away. Sometimes I would just take off to her house. She lived off of 35th Avenue and Greenway. So I was in a pretty good spot. I loved it. I was free. Until the guy I was living with moved out. Now, I was terrified.

I didn't know who was coming next. I was praying for someone that was higher functioning. I had the place to myself for about a week, then someone moved in. That's when things started to go downhill. The guy that moved in used drugs and alcohol. I thought to myself, it will be fine,

just stay away from it. I'll just stay on my side of the fence.

It was okay for a while, we got along, we cooked together, and then another person moved in next door, he did drugs and alcohol too. Now, I had to keep everything in my room, and when I say everything, I mean everything. I even kept my dry goods in my room. The guy I lived with drank every night and used heroin. One night, my neighbor lady and I had to pick his 300 pound ass off the floor and lay him on his bed.

I put up with it about two months, then I had to tell my case manager it's getting to hot. He knew what was going on, everybody from the office knew. They would find him outside lying on the ground. The guy living with my neighbor, I couldn't trust, because he was a little thief.

The guy that shared the apartment with me would leave the door unlocked all the time. I was getting mad. I told him to lock

the door at night, he never listened. I was getting so frustrated. I wasn't stressed, I was pissed off. Now, here is where it gets evil.

The guy behind me sold methamphetamine; I didn't know it at the time, but I knew as soon as we sat next to each other in the van. His pupils were so big. I got my phone out of my pocket and went to the Memo App. I typed in. (you are so geeked right now) He looked at me all weird and said, "No." I knew he was. I said, "Don't lie." Now, this is where I say TRIGGER. I should have told someone, I should have reached out for help at that moment, but I fucked up and said, "Do you have any?" He said, "Why?"

We got back from the food bank. My hands were all sweaty, my mind was racing. I couldn't take it no more. I went over there and asked him for some. He gave me his pipe and said, "Take a hit, so I know you're not a cop." I hit the pipe once, and then he sold me a ten sack. I went to my room and got high. (BIG MISTAKE) I knew the

consequences. I knew I would go back to the hospital if they found out. I was hooked, like a fish.

I had to go to my clinic once a month and see my doctor, that's where I would take my U.D.S. I thought I was smart. Hold off on it until I take my U.D.S… Meth only stays in your system for 4 or 5 days; it also depends on how much you do. I was fucked. I needed to get out of there. I needed to get out of there fast.

Chapter 14

All by Myself

I was scheduled for P.S.R.B. two months after I started using. I thought I was slick; I got away with doing drugs for two months. When people are high on meth, they have a hundred things going on at once, some pick their faces, and some have sex all night on it. Meth and coffee calm me down. I feel normal and I could focus better. I was able to eat and sleep on it. I felt normal. I felt good. I was still taking my medication. If I stopped my medication and started doing a lot of meth, I would have decompensated, but I knew to eat, sleep, and drink lots of water. A functioning addict I thought again.

I couldn't stop, that tells you I wasn't a functioning addict.

I went to the P.S.R.B. and they approved my independent living. I was out of the apartment, but I had to wait until I got my voucher. A voucher pays a little bit of rent for you, benefits for being mentally ill. I couldn't get food stamps, because I made to much Social Security.

I was going to move out by myself, I had enough money too. I went to the apartments I wanted and filled out the application. I had to get away from those apartments and fast. Even if I had to pay for it myself, I got approved, thank God; I was so scared, because she did a background check. The application said – Have you ever did a crime? I had to explain to the manager what I did; a G.E.I. plea is not a felony, I got a felony charge, but it's not supposed to go on your record. There is a law stating it's not a felony, but when she looked me up the crime came up.

If you Google me, it will show you the news article. Stay the fuck away from my life Google. Well, I got approved. I was about to go down and pay my first month's rent, but I decided to go to my clinic for a turkey dinner. Most of the people at the clinic don't have family to go to, so the clinic had a thanksgiving dinner for everyone. While I was eating, I got a phone call telling me I got a voucher.

If I would have paid the first month's rent, I wouldn't have been able to get a voucher. What a blessing I got. The only problem was I had to wait a couple more days. I had to go down and apply. I got the voucher; thank God the apartments I wanted accepted it.

I moved out at the end of November. I was out. Now, I didn't have to put up with all the bullshit. I started my peer support training class. I thought I was safe, but I fucked up in two ways. I didn't delete the dope man's telephone number and I just

moved a mile and a half away from the apartments.

I know, I know, but I wanted to live on 19th avenue still and I didn't want to move away from the mountain. I could throw a rock from my door and hit the mountain. I should have moved far away, but everywhere I move, there are going to be drugs. I had to face the demon, and the demon won. I called the dope man. I'm so stupid; I knew if I got busted I would be back at ASH.

I had made it through December. I was able to spend Christmas with my daughter and the grandkids.

January came and I got busted. I got a phone call while I was doing my peer support training class; it was my case manager, he asked me if I could do a U.D.S. I said, "No problem," then I asked him "Why?" He told me that my U.D.S. came back positive. I said, "How is that possible?" I tried playing it off. I just got high the night

before too. I was busted. I was so dirty; there was nothing I could do.

A cab picked me up and I went to my clinic. Sure enough I was positive. He sent me home and told me, will talk tomorrow. I knew I was going back. So I went home and made me a big ass dinner. I made my favorite, biscuits and gravy.

I had trouble sleeping that night; I was real nervous. I got up at six in the morning. I knew my daughter was up, because she was babysitting other kids. So I called her, as soon as she answered I started crying. I couldn't stop and I couldn't breathe. I managed to get out, "I didn't do anything bad." which I did, but I didn't want to scare her, I did that enough.

I finally calmed down and I told her the truth, she started to cry also. She asked me if I was going back to the hospital, and I said, "Yes." After I got off the phone with her, I packed a bag of clothes and grabbed my Mp3 player and my musical keyboard.

My case manager called and said there was a cab on the way. The cab took me to my clinic and then my case manager took me back to the Arizona State Hospital.

Chapter 15

Once Again

When I got to the hospital again I was greeted with sweatpants, underwear, a colored shirt, socks and some shower shoes, followed with a bottle of delouse shampoo. They went through my stuff and told me I got to wash all of it first, so sweatpants and a colored shirt it was. I was pissed and still crying a little. So many good people are trying to get out and I keep coming back.

I had my intake staffing; I had no excuses this time. I was a rat and they threw me in a snake pit. I thought I was strong, but seeing it, smelling it, flooded my mind with memories. I was an addict for 20 years. I

couldn’t do it. Then when I saw his eyes all dilated, I was sucked in.

My daughter had to go to my apartment and get all my stuff. I put that girl through so much and she is still there to support me. I have a beautiful daughter and two grandkids, which alone should have kept me straight. And here I thought AA was for weak minded people. Addiction is so powerful, that is why you are powerless, at least I was.

I had to see the P.S.R.B. a couple days later. I told them I have no excuses and that I take full responsibility for my actions. I told them I was an addict for a long time, and that they put me in a drug infested environment. The doctor said he understood, (HE UNDERSTOOD?) Then why did they put me there? I was so confused when he said it. They know group homes and 16hour placements are bad. They get us prepared for the community and they stick us in stress and infested environments.

I tell you now that I am sick of it. I told my treatment team that I was going to finish my time here. Fuck the group home and the 16hour apartment complex. I wasn't going back. I wasn't going to my dad's neither, at his house I might start drinking. So I was done, I have been through enough of the fucked up system. There are so many things wrong with it. I am a higher functioning patient; they should have given me an 8hour supervised apartment, at least every one there could take care of themselves. You would get your own apartment and not worry about picking someone up that weighs 300 pounds off the floor and put him on his bed, because he's so doped up and drunk.

A year went by and the doctor wanted me to go through the levels over again, at first I said, "No," then I thought about five more years here, I wanted out, but I wanted to go straight to my own apartment. The P.S.R.B. wants supervised settings, which is bullshit, because they don't work.

I say it depends on your functioning status. If they're a high functioning patient, they should be released to a higher functioning facility. If they are low functioning, they should be released to a group home that's not all fucked up. If they are former addicts, place them in a home for addicts and piss test them once a week. It's not rocket science.

I changed my mind about getting my levels again. I didn't want to stay another day at the new Forensic Hospital. It has concrete floor, push button showers that barely work, the walls are this yellow and green color, the bedrooms are so small, plus I got to share it with another person. Echoed hallways and steel doors. It is so loud, plus you can hear everyone talking and hear the television going until 11:00pm at night. There are 20 people on the unit. Like I said before I don't complain about a roof over my head, but this was ridiculous.

So I managed to get my levels 1-2 back. I was headed out again. I would be out in

about three years, but where would I go? I couldn't move to my dad's house because he died while I was here this time. He died because his legs were getting blood clots, plus he drank until his death. He was so stubborn his last days. I felt sorry for my stepmother.

I can't go with moms, because she passed away. My sister lives in Black Canyon City where my mother lived. I do not want to go there, because of what she said one night when she was drunk.

Have you ever heard that Karma's a bitch? One night I was talking to my sister and we were talking about our house. (Doublewide-trailer.) When my mother died she left us the house in Black Canyon City, Arizona. We were talking about how she fixed up the house, she tore up the old carpet, painted the walls and then somehow we started talking about my crime, then all of a sudden she said, "I don't want you up here, you killed someone." My sister just stabbed me in the gut with a knife and

twisted it. I started getting the chills. I hung up the phone and I went to my room.

I couldn't believe what my sister said. I guess alcohol is really a truth serum. I felt shitty for days, and then one day I called Candice and she told me the house in Black Canyon City just burned up, my sister and everybody was fine, but the house was toast. I just thought to myself, nobody's living up there now. I kissed Karma and I said, "Good job." I love my sister, but she is in the doghouse, -really- she is sleeping in the dog house now. I wouldn't want to live up there anyways.

My daughter lives with her mom, which is on housing, so I couldn't stay there. I have no place to go for my 48hour passes, plus I did the levels already. So one night I was thinking about all the shit I been through, the group home and the 16hour, I was pissed off. I don't want to go back, so I kicked off my ankle monitor and told my treatment team, "Let me just do my time here." Now, they all say I'm impulsive and I do things

that don’t make sense. I told them to get in my shoes. Let them go stay at a group home or 16hour place for a month. I bet you that they would want to come back. Like I said before, they don’t understand us.

I scream from inside, I put on masks, because if I get upset the doctor offers me medication, I don’t need the medication, I need people to wake-up. I’m tired, I have been waiting so long for something good to happen and yet I still wait. I wrote (*Am I a genious are am I crazy?)* in 2003 and its 2023. That’s a long time I have been carrying this weight. Everybody says I have a problem, they say I’m crazy, and then they turn around and do something stupid.

My mind wants to quit, just forget about the book, and move on. My heart tells me to keep trying, don’t give up. Every time I get to the point of giving up, I get another book or a person will come into my life with a skill set I need. Like when I came back after the suicide attempt, I met this kid who knows the body, he handed me- *The*

Amazing Liver and Gallbladder Flush, and he told me about how chia seeds will end world hunger.

When I came back to the hospital the second time, I met a couple of people, one that knows the ecological system and one who knows the financial system.

Maybe I'm being prepared for something to happen. I don't know when, but a game changer. Something this world needs. Until that time, I guess I'll keep fighting and continue writing, I'm going to continue reading and learning. Even if I can't save this world, I'll do it for myself, I least I tried.

If I can save one person in life, I did my job, if you save one person in life, you did your job. If they save a person and that person saves and it keeps going this world would be saved. It's not going to be me who saves this world, it's you. You are going to make a difference, but someone has to get

the ball rolling. If it's not me, then it has to be you.

Like my mom said, "They threw it away in the trash." I don't want to believe that, but maybe they did. Like I said before, I know I did something so powerful, but where is the book to prove it? There is so much love and life in the book, (*Am I a genious are am I crazy?*) If by some miracle it happens to show up and enter this cruel world, I know it will change.

It is a book that speaks to you. It will open your heart and mind. It will lift your spirit and give you a new life, but I'm just crazy, just look where I am right now. I'll get released in 2025 and start a new life and I'll continue my journey fighting and if I get knocked down, I'll know who did it.

Thank you for reading my book. I tried so hard to stay focused and calm. I am not going to edit my book, because I want you to see the mistakes I made, the spelling, punctuation and grammar problems. I think I

did a pretty good for a rookie. I hope I kept it together for you. I hope it flowed like a river. And always remember that love is the cure.

I hope for change, I pray for change, maybe someday it will. I'll leave you with another story, a story about a man's life, that's been forgotten.

Chapter 16

Forgotten Hero

There lived a man named Michael White who joined the Army and went to war in Afghanistan.

On a normal patrol, his company found themselves surrounded by Taliban soldiers. The radioman called for back-up, but it was going to be a while before help came. There was nothing they could do but try and break through the two trucks in front of them. The driver gave it the gas and rammed the two positioned vehicles.

Sergeant White and his men began to receive enemy fire. An array of bullets

rocked the Humvee. The bullet proof glass finally shattered as some of the bullets went through, wounding two soldiers in the back seat. As the unit retreated to secure a more favorable fighting position, the enemy gave chase.

With three American soldiers left and roughly a dozen Taliban soldiers, fear was racing through every mind, but this is what they trained for.

Michael tried to administer CPR to the fallen. He tried valiantly to revive them, but he could not bring them back. They were gone. At that time, the buzz of two helicopters was heard over the hillside and the American Apaches began firing upon the Taliban.

The Taliban broke ranks and started to flee. The helicopters gave chase, until the Taliban fighters scattered into the surrounding hillsides. Sgt. White and his men made it back to the base.

Upon his return, his Commanding Officer called him aside. With a sweaty brow and dust covering his attire, he was in no state to hear what was about to become his reality. With a deep breath, Lieutenant Grouper informed his charge that his wife and son were killed in an automobile accident one hour after he left the camp, that morning. Michael was devastated. He was granted the next military flight out of Kandahar and returned stateside. Getting off the DC-10, he took a knee. And he whispered to the heavens, “Why couldn’t it have been me?”

Sgt. White didn’t want to go home. He already had enough memories in his mind, but he had to say his goodbye at the funeral. He caught a flight back to Arizona. His departed wife’s mother arranged the memorial service. As much as he wanted to cry, he couldn’t. Even his tears were lost. He was dead inside and couldn’t find any existence. All he wanted was his wife and boy back. He had no one left.

After the funeral was over, he put on civilian clothes and threw his Army duff in a dumpster. He wasn't going back. Michael started walking. He headed East, with no destination in mind. He stopped at a convenient store on the corner and bought himself a liter of vodka.

He wanted the memories out, and fast. He found himself an alley behind the convenient store. He opened the booze and started swigging. He drank half the bottle before he passed out. A resident of the community came out of his back gate to throw his garbage away. It was 0400. He noticed someone lying on the ground. He went back in and called 911.

The Phoenix Fire and Rescue showed up at the scene. They found Michael in his own piss and puke. The fireman took Michael's pulse and found him still alive. Two firemen grabbed his arms and legs and threw him on the gurney. "Another drunk one." one said to the other. Once on the gurney they placed

him in the ambulance, they took him to the emergency room at St. Joseph's Hospital.

They threw him on a hospital bed and departed the hospital. His vitals were normal. The nurse left him in his soiled pants and Michael still had vomit on his shirt. It was 0630. Michael had no ID on him. He must have left his wallet at the scene, where he pulled it out to look at a picture of his wife and boy. It was exactly 0745, when the nurse uttered, "Sir." Michael didn't respond. She repeated the word a little louder, "SIR." Michael started waking up. He was distraught and his head was pounding. The nurse told him to get up and go.

Michael finally got his bearings back and remembered what had happened. He made his way out of the bed. The nurse pointed to the exit and Michael staggered out in the cold morning with no place to go and no food or water.

There are 300,000 homeless veterans sleeping on the streets and this number is rising. Over 1.4 million veterans are at risk of becoming homeless. More than 67% of homeless veterans served our country for at least 3 years. They gave everything. Yet, the system is failing them.

Epilogue

“If they say I’m crazy, then I must be insane.”

Am I a genious are am I crazy? That was the big question. Is there something inside me? I’ll let you answer that question. There is a roller-coaster inside a theme park, which is inside my mind. Did I go crazy for a reason? Did I have to go through a system that is so defective and immoral? Can I change the system? We all know I have been through it. To know something you must have knowledge about it, like I said before, I know life. I know the pain, suffering, madness, sadness, sickness, disease and death. I learned them by going through life. Knowledge is increased by movement, whether it’s through the eyes or through books. We are all capable of knowledge. It’s what we learn, it’s what we absorb. We all have a story. What’s yours? Life may seem difficult; we must overcome the obstacles and the challenges. To better ourselves, to better our world, a world that’s been thrown

away, but we still have each other. We must come together and face adversity, face the problems that exist in the world. We must not turn our backs. We must not give up. If we fail, we must try again; and try harder. If we fall, we must rise up. I cannot save the world by myself. It must take all of us, but if one person can make a difference, we all can. It all starts with an idea; my idea was to save a world. Life is too short; we must live it right, and see the beauty, in this thing called LIFE.

God bless you